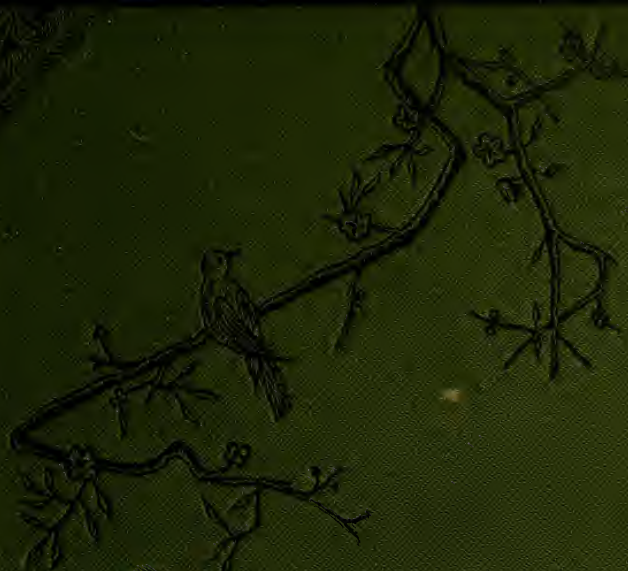




FOLDED
HANDS

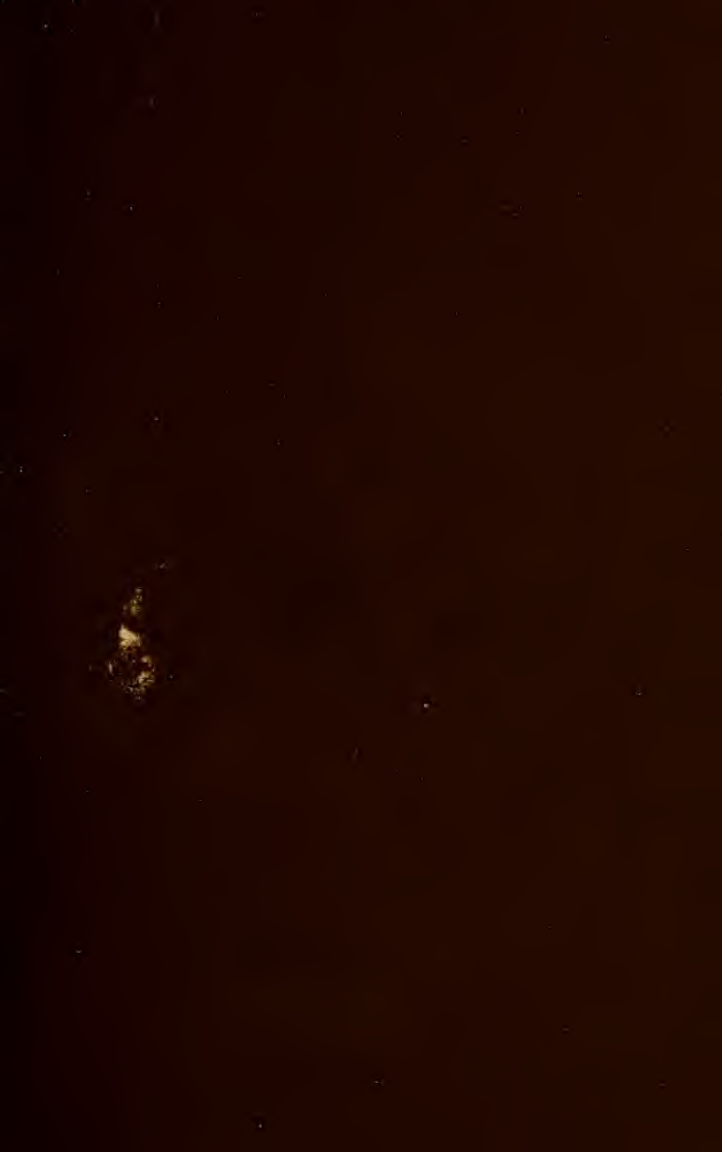
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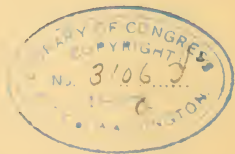




FOLDED HANDS.

[By S B T.]

Illustration, Sober & Pringle
"They also serve, who only stand and wait."



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

[1878]

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FOR God's waiting ones, whether prisoners of pain, serving through suffering, or pilgrims sitting in the sunset, near the end of the way, listening for the Master's call, these little waifs of consolation have been gathered, with the prayer that they may comfort and brighten many a weary day.

To the precious sister, sitting in the dimness of God's shadow-land of pain, yet whose sweet, patient life is a lesson and inspiration to us all, this little volume is tenderly and affectionately dedicated.

S. B. T.

LIFE RESTS.

“THERE is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it.” In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by “rests,” and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the “rests.” They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, “There is no music in a rest,” let us not forget “there is the making of music in it.” The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long he waits for us to learn the lesson!

RUSKIN.

FOLDED HANDS.

WAITING.

I stood by the Master's vineyard,
In the light of the morning sun ;
I thought over the day's sweet labor,
And the great rewards to be won ;

For I longed to be up and doing
In the harvest-field so rare,
That my hands should be busy toiling,
Plucking the clusters fair.

As I turned to enter the vineyard,
The sound of coming feet
Caused me to pause and listen,
That the comer I might greet.

And my Master stood before me,
In the golden morning light ;
His smile cast a heavenly radiance
That blinded my mortal sight.

But it entered my heart, and filled it
 With a love and a rapture sweet ;
And I bowed in glad adoration
 Before my Master's feet.

And his words, like silvery music
 From the distant starry sky,
Came into my listening spirit,
 An echo from strains on high.

And thus spake the Master, " Daughter,
 I know thy longing heart
In the toil of my rich-laden vineyard
 Is eager to bear a part.

" But from thee no active labor
 The Master's cause demands ;
Within thy low cottage doorway
 Only sit with folded hands,

" And the patient endurance of sorrow,
 And a burden sore of pain,
Till I come with a welcome summons,
 To bring thee eternal gain."

So he led me to my cottage,
 And left me within the door ;
But the brightness of his presence
 Stays with me for evermore.

I see on the fair sweet uplands
The pleasant vineyard ground ;
And the echo of happy voices
Comes to me, a cheering sound.

I wait for his welcome footsteps ;
Perchance they are coming to me :
I watch for his radiant smiling,
That his dear face I may see.

And this, like a sweet bird, nestles
In my heart, else desolate :
They serve me who at my word
But fold their hands—and wait.”

S. B. T.

*CLEANSING FIRES.*

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright ;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light :
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain ;
For gold must be tried by fire,
And a heart must be tried by pain !

FOLDED HANDS.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart—do not faint or wail ;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail ;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain !

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever
Shine bright, strong golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire
And furnace of living pain !

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

ANGEL of Pain, I think thy face
Will be in all the heavenly place
The sweetest face that I shall see,
The swiftest face to smile on me.
All other angels faint and tire ;
Joy wearies, and forsakes Desire ;

Hope falters face to face with Fate,
And dies because it cannot wait ;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
That subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.

But thou, O loving, faithful Pain,
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain,
Dost only closer cling, and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel ! to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known,
Till late, in some lone twilight place,
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and speechless they
Know they have walked with Christ all day.

SAXE HOLM.

CALLED ASIDE.

“I have somewhat to say unto thee.”

CALLED aside—

From the glad working of thy busy life,
From the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife,
Into the stillness by thy Heavenly guide,
For a brief space thou hast been called aside.

Lonely hours

Thou hast spent, weary on a couch of pain,
Watching the golden sunshine and the rain ;
Hours, whose sad length only to Him was known,
Who trod a sadder pathway, dark and lone.

Laid aside :

May not the little cup of suffering be
A loving one of blessing given to thee ?
The cross of chastening sent thee from above
By Him who bore the cross, whose name is Love.

Called aside :

Hast thou no memories of that "little while" ?
No sweet remembrance of thy Father's smile ?
No hidden thoughts that wrapped thee in their hold
Of Him who did such light and grace unfold ?

Called aside—

Perhaps into the desert garden dim,
And yet not lone, if thou hast been with Him,
And heard his voice in sweetest accents say,
"Child, wilt thou not with me this hour stay ?"

Called aside,

In hidden paths with Christ thy Lord to tread,
Deeper to drink at the sweet Fountain Head ;
Closer in fellowship with Him to roam,
Nearer perchance to feel thy heavenly home.

Called aside.

Oh, knowledge deeper grows with Him alone,
In secret of his deeper love is shown,
And learned in many an hour of dark distress
Some rare, sweet lesson of his tenderness.

Called aside.

We thank Thee for the stillness and the shade,
And for the hidden paths thy love hath made,
And, so that we have wept and watched with Thee,
We thank Thee for our dark Gethsamene.

Called aside :

O restful thought—He doeth all things well—
O blessed sense, with Christ alone to dwell :
So, in the shadow of thy cross to hide,
We thank Thee, Lord, to have been called aside.



COMFORT BY THE WAY.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild :
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength and stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love ! the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place ;

The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears !
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory ! on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays ;
Beacon of hope ! which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming ! for that joyful day
In joyful hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
And what a sunrise will that advent be !

Thus, while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.



A PILGRIM'S SONG.

I JOURNEY along
On a cloudy day,
Apart from the throng
Of the glad and gay.

But Jesus is near,
More perfectly known,
When we may appear
To travel alone.

Those passing along
With skies ever bright
Have lost the sweet song
He gives in the night.

*NOW AND THEN.*

Now—the tumult of the battle surging,
Now—the clouds that shut the warriors in;
Some who faint, and more the conflict urging—
Sighs and shouts together in the din!

Then—the splendor of the conquest shining,
Not a victor on the plain uncrowned;
Not a sigh for any loss repining—
Rapture waking all the sky around!

Now—our shrinkings from so many crosses,
And life's valleys watered by our tears,
Foolish tears we weep o'er little losses—
Trailing always through their mists our fears.

Then—the one cross we'll remember only—
 Making of our crosses steps to Christ ;
One dear cross whose passion vast and lonely
 Bound us sweetly in redemption's tryst.

Now—the hidings of our Father's glory—
 Walls that close around the earth and sun ;
Weak unrest with nature's half-told story,
 Knowledge only evermore begun.

Then—then the curtain of the universes
 Rolled away, as mists at morning fled ;
Each star that shines its history rehearses,
 And ignorance, with sin and death, is dead.

Now—the anguish of all mortal sorrow,
 Now, the groans that from our hearts are wrung,
Vain expectancies of bliss to-morrow,
 All to-morrows with deep sackcloth hung.

Then—all sorrow from the bosom banished,
 God himself to wipe our tears away ;
Then—the cheats of earthly hopes vanished,
 All to-morrows merged in heaven's to-day !

Now—the psalm that tells us death is strongest :
 Strongest, surest of the foes we have ;
Now—the waiting for the shadow's longest,
 Till it falls upon the hallowed grave.

Then—the anthem of the resurrection—

We shall chant death's sure destruction o'er ;
And shadows to the grave in dark direction,
From heaven's sunlight shall grow long no more.

REV. W. C. RICHARDS,

UP HILL.

DOES the road wind up hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?

A roof for me when the slow, dark hours begin ?
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

*FOLDED HANDS.**A CRY FOR REST.*

LORD, a whole long day of pain
Now at last is o'er !
Ah, how much we can sustain
I have felt once more ;
Felt how frail are all our powers,
And how weak our trust ;
If thou help not, those dark hours
Crush us to the dust.

Could I face the coming night
If thou went not near ?
Nay, without Thy love and might
I must sink with fear :
Round me falls the evening gloom,
Sights and sounds all cease,
But within this narrow room
Night will bring no peace.

Other weary eyes may close,
All things seek their sleep ;
Hither comes no soft repose,
I must wake and weep.
Come then, Jesus, o'er me bend,
Give me strength to cope
With my pain, and gently send
Thoughts of peace and hope.

Draw my weary heart away
From this gloom and strife,
And these fever pains allay
With the dew of life;
Thou canst calm the troubled mind;
Thou its dread canst still;
Teach me to be all resigned
To my Father's will.

Then if I must wake and weep
All the long night through,
Thou the watch with me wilt keep,
Friend and guardian true;
In the darkness thou wilt speak
Lovingly with me,
Though my heart may vainly seek
Words to breathe to thee.

Wheresoe'er my couch is made,
In thy hands I lie;
And to thee alone for aid
Turns my longing eye:
Let my prayer grow weary never,
Strengthen thou th' oppressed;
In thy shadow, Lord, for ever
Let me gently rest.

LEAN HARD.

CHILD of my love, lean hard !
And let me feel the pressure of thy care ;
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it—
Poised it in my own hand, and made its weight
Precisely that which I saw best for thee.
And when I placed it on thy shrinking form,
I said, “ I shall be near, and while thou leanest
On me this burden shall be mine, not thine.”
So shall I keep within my circling arms
The child of my own love ; here lay it down,
Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds,
And guides the universe. Yet closer come ;
Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thyself,
Lay both on me, that I may feel my child
Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest me ?
I doubt it not ; then loving me, lean hard.

*THE STORY OF THE ALOE.*

HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime ?
By humble growth of long, long years
It reaches its blooming time :
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in thousand flowers ;

This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers :
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground ;
And fast as they drop from its dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around ?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold,
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

LEANING ON JESUS.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour ! I am blest ;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide ;
Each step of life's untrodden path,
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with hunger, parched with heat ;
Thy will has now become my own :
That will is sweet.

Leaning on thee, 'mid torturing pain,
With patience thou my soul dost fill ;
Thou whisper'st, "What did I sustain?"
Then I am still.

Leaning on thee, I do not dread
The havoc that disease may make ;
Thou, who for me thy blood hast shed,
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink :
I feel the everlasting arms,
I cannot sink.

*A HEART CRY.*

It is thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee ;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

I would not murmur, Lord,
Before thee I am dumb :
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

My God ! thy name is LOVE,
A Father's hand is thine ;
With tearful eye, I look above,
And cry, " Thy will be mine !"

I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unclouded light,
Though dark it may appear.

Jesus for me hath died ;
Thy Son thou didst not spare ;
His piercéd hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest ;
My God ! it clings to thee ;
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

SWEET PATIENCE, COME!

Not from a low and earthly source,
Waiting till things shall have their course ;

FOLDED HANDS.

Not as accepting present pain,
In hope of some hereafter gain ;
Not in a dull and sullen calm,
But as a breath of heavenly balm,
Bidding my weary heart submit,
To bear whatever God sees fit,
Sweet patience, come !

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

IN the darkness and the silence,
When the night was on the wane,
And the glory of the dawning
Was about to come again,
Ran a whisper through the treetops,
Ran a whisper low and clear :
“Patience, all ye weary watchers,
For the morn, the morn is near !
“And the gloom is but the calyx,
That enfolds the perfect flower ;
But before the bloom and beauty,
There must come the ‘darkest hour !’
Oh, ye weary ones of earth,
In your weakness, doubt, and pain,
Possess your souls in patience,
For the morn will come again !”

To my heart I took the message,
For the darkness and the night
Had almost hid from weary eyes
The blest promise of the light.
And above the swaying branches
Sometimes still the voice I hear :
“ Oh, thou weary soul, have patience,
For, behold, the morn is near.”

—♦—
AMALIE LA FORGE.

COMFORTINGS.

I SAID : “ O hated Sorrow, well thou fittest
All that in earthly being is least fair !
Thou stealest through my darkened home, thou
sittest
In that sad, empty chair !
“ I see thy gloomy shape, whence all things borrow
Such desolate and utter hues of night !
I see thy pale, stern visage, and, O Sorrow,
I loathe the bitter sight !”
Then, as it seemed, that shape took voice : “ Ah,
doubt me,
If so thou wilt, for pitiless and cold !
Yet, child, these black robes that thou seest about
me
Are lined with living gold !

“This heart of mine, beyond all human dreaming,
Brims with a love that no contempt can tire ;
And look ! this hand, of such chill, ghostly seeming,
Is warm with friendship’s fire !

“Oh, learn one truth, in all its fair completeness :
A sorrow’s crown of thorns, if worn aright,
With calm humility and patient sweetness,
Becomes a crown of life !

“Each suffering heart by hope most unbefriended,
Should feel that if its faith to God be given,
When love and fortitude are closest blended,
It then is nearest heaven !

“And every new, brave smile our lips shall render,
When human pain’s worst, weariest ways are trod,
Adds a fresh plume to those white wings of splendor
Wherein we shall meet God !”

*BEYOND.*

BEYOND ! I wander now among
The fields this side the “jasper sea ;”
But few the songs my heart has sung,
Because the field-thorns trouble me ;
But soon, beyond,
Where Jesus is, I too shall be.

Beyond ! I weep now burning tears,
I suffer in lone agony :
The clouds, so big with burdening fears,
Hang full and heavy over me ;
But there, beyond,
Unclouded skies o'erbend the " sea."

Beyond, beyond ! oh, blest beyond !
Oh, heaven eternal, peaceful, free !
Oh, home on high ! I haste from bonds
To find God's boundless rest in thee ;
And saints beyond
Shall crowd thy gates to welcome me.

HARVIE HALL.

HEART HUSHINGS.

OH, ask in faith ! Against the ill thou darest,
Comes white-robed Peace, sweet angel of God's
will ;
Folding her wings beside them as thou plearest,
Whispering as God's own word to thee, " Be still !"
" Be still !" how fearfully soever blended
Thy day with dark, like twilight's flickering bars ;
For God will make thy deepest midnight splendid,
With all his countless wealth of glittering stars.

SWAN.

HIS REST.

THERE are no sorrowing hearts but heaven enfolds
them,

And Christ can give them rest :

He takes our souls all torn with grief, and holds
them,

Close to his loving breast.

Oh, weary heart, press on ! there yet remaineth

This rest for thee ;

Oh, weary soul, toil on ! his love restraineth

And blesseth thee.

He blesseth all things, wandering and erring,

And far astray ;

A voice still comes, life's darkened pathway cheer-
ing,

“ I am the Way ! ”

“ I am the Truth, the Life, the Resurrection ;

Though dead in sin,

Flee but to me, thy only sure protection,

And enter in.”

In past the gates that guard the land immortal,

The rest above :

No stern-browed warder keeps the golden portal,

Its God is love.

Earth's vessels may be shattered, broken, riven,
And life a loss ;
There yet remains this rest, the rest of heaven,
Lay down thy cross !

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Not here the sunlit glory,
Not here the cloudless light,
The perfect, finished story,
The day that hath no night ;
Our Father knoweth what is best,
Beyond the flood he keeps our rest.

Not here the shining raiment,
All pure of spot or stain,
For here, a weary claimant,
The heart hath tears and pain,
And wailleth, wailleth, till possessed,
Beyond the flood, of peace and rest.

Not here our richest treasures,
Our sweetest cups of life ;
We'll taste the deepest pleasures,
With heavenly rapture rife,
When home with Christ, in love we rest,
Beyond the flood, for ever blest.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BITTER-SWEET.

Oh, rare old word, half shadowed and half bright,
Half clad in gray, and half in rosy light;
And yet it is not hard to comprehend,
For gain comes oft through loss, and we have known
True joy and comfort out of suffering won,
So curiously do grief and gladness blend.

Our dear Lord Christ doth temper every grief
With some deep joy which brings our hearts relief;
The sunlight gilds the clouds that intervene,
And on the *darkest* cloud, God's vow is seen.

JULIA A. MATHEWS.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

A LITTLE child rests on a bed of pain,
With an aching head and a throbbing brain;
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child moans: "How the slow hours
creep!

Will the Lord not send to his little one sleep?"

And the mother smoothed from the child's brow fair
The clustering locks of her golden hair,
And murmured: "My darling, we cannot tell;
But we know that the Father doth all things well;

And we know that never a creature in pain
Addressed a prayer to his mercy in vain.
Time has no line that his hand may not smooth ;
Life has no grief that his love cannot soothe ;
And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,
In the healing shade from the death-cross cast.
Look up, my precious one: why shouldst thou
weep?

The Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep."

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace
And turned with a smile on her weary face.
And the mother smiled as the early morn
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep,
"The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her
sleep!"

Ay, mother—she sleeps, in that charmed repose,
That shall waken no more to earth's pains and woes,
For the Saviour hath gathered his lamb to his breast,
Where never life's storms shall her peace molest.
His dear love willed not that time should trace
One sorrowful line on that innocent face ;

Others, less favored, might suffer their share
Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare ;
Others might labor, others might weep,
But the Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

THOU knowest best,
I will not grieve thy Spirit with repining
That pain hath brought me low ;
Behind the cloud I trust thy sun is shining,
And thou, O Lord, dost know
Which is the lesson for thy servant's learning,
To teach both faith and love,
Until my soul, with holy rapture burning,
Is fitted for above.

Oh, hold me close,
Dear Lord ! nor let my wayward fancy straying,
Carry me far from thee :
Let me remember that thy will obeying
Is what brings peace to me.
In watches of the night, sombre and fearful,
When suffering fills the room,
And friends beside me watch in sorrow tearful,
Thy love dispels the gloom.

I bring to mind
The Man of agony, and pain, and sorrow,
Who bore the cross for me:
And I will praise him now, and each to-morrow,
That he hath set us free;
Then let afflictions crowd, and cover o'er me,
I will be patient still,
Till he who suffered patiently before me,
Hath wrought me to his will.

SIMILITUDES.

THOU art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound;
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low sweet voices, by life's tumult drowned.
Thou art like awful night! thou gatherest round
The things that are unseen, though close they lie;
And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
Giv'st their dread presence to our mortal eye.
Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations, which the common light
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
All outward life. Be welcome then thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds to God.

MRS. HEMANS.

*FOLDED HANDS.**COURAGE.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

"Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?"

In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.

"Hath he diadem as monarch,
That his brow adorns?"

Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.

"If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?"

Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

"If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?"

Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.

"If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?"

Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.

“ Finding, following, keeping, struggling.

Is he sure to bless ?”

Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,

Answer “ Yes !”

FROM ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

*HOPEFULLY WAITING.*

“ Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father’s house.” HEINRICH STILLING.

Not as you meant, oh learned man and good,
Do I accept your words of truth and rest ;
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what he could,
Nor always as I would !

I shall go to the Father’s house, and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face—
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay ?

Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake!
And at his coming, only of him ask
Approval of our work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our Belovéd One!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine for ever more;
And I who wait his coming, shall not I

On his sure word rely?

And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me remember these are things to be
To work his blesséd will until he come
And take my hand, and lead me safely home.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.



BEST.

WHAT though our earthly friends grow worn and
weary

With our sad tears?

There liveth One, who, though the way be dreary,
In love appears,

And chides us gently for our earth-born sorrow,
And bids us rest
Firm in the faith, until his glad to-morrow,
That all is best.

Best, though our hopes lie crushed, and torn, and
broken
Beneath our feet ;
Though every prayer for help and guidance spoken
Seems incomplete ;
Best, though our path with thorns instead of flowers
Is thickly spread ;
Best, though the thunder roll, and storm-cloud lowers
Above our head.

No shadows fall until the glad light breaketh
Upon our way.
We'll patient wait until our Father maketh
The perfect day.
That day shall dawn in peace and free from sadness
At last for all,
And we shall answer, with an unknown gladness,
The Master's call.

No more shall earth, with all its dreary noises,
Vex and annoy,
No more shall harsh, unkind, discordant voices
Our peace destroy.

The flowers of love, which here so sadly perish,
Again shall bloom,
And all unworthy thoughts, which here we cherish,
No more find room. ELLEN E. MILES.

THE FOUR ANCHORS.

The day is thine, the night also is thine. Ps. 74:16.

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Ps. 139:12.

They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day. Acts 27:29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God
Is here, and in command ;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out,
And wish—but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within his hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in his faithful grasp,
I'll trust him though he slay ;
So letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish—but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?

I rest upon the Lord;

I muse on his "eternal years"

And feast upon his word;

His promises, so rich and great,

Are my support and stay;

I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,

And wish—but wait for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light

And love supreme, divine!

How can I feel one fluttering doubt,

In hands so dear as thine?

I'll lean on thee, my Best Beloved,

My heart on thy heart lay;

And casting out the anchor Love,

I'll wish—but wait for day.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.

THE LAND OF LIGHT.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;

All, all is brightness there;

A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,

And a far milder air.

No calm below is like that calm above,

No region here is like that land of love;

Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light ;
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
 Tinged with earth's change and care ;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers,
 No broken sunshine there !
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores ;
Earth's softest sky ne'er shed so soft a light,
Or summer sunset ever shone so bright.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

ANYWHERE with Jesus, says the Christian heart,
Let him take me where he will, so we do not part ;
Always sitting at his feet, there's no cause for fears,
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

Anywhere with Jesus, though he leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be,

Though he taketh from my heart all I love below,
Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus, in the summer's heat,
Anywhere with Jesus, through the winter sleet,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the bright sun shines,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines.

Anywhere with Jesus, though he please to bring
Into fires the fiercest, into suffering :
Though he bid me work or wait, or only *bear* for
him,

Anywhere with Jesus, still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its frightening terror, with its dreaded gloom ;
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the
strife.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, when he is with me ;
He will love me to the end, every need supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.



IN THE BORDER-LAND.

'T is over ! life's pilgrimage story,
The burden and heat of the day.
Before me lies naught but the glory,
Behind, all the toil of the way.

O weariness, farewell for ever !
Now, " The lame one shall leap like a hart ;"
Disappointment and sorrow shall never
Again fling their anguishing dart.

Set free from the grasp of temptation,
From the sin which dominion hath sought,
I conquer through much tribulation,
For Jesus my triumph has bought.

The gates of the city are nearing,
The glory has dazzled my sight;
And voices are now within hearing,
Last heard in earth's shadowy night.

My loved ones, my children are waiting;
Sweet fruit of my toil "gone before;"
And they stand in the gate with a greeting,
A welcome for evermore.

And yet there is melody higher
Than their outgushing language of love;
A song of which saints never tire,
To be sung in the mansions above.

The rapture! oh, how shall I tell it?
Unspeakable, glorious, divine!
A rapture with naught to dispel it,
A bliss through eternity mine.

I shall kiss the dear feet of the Master,
Behold the fair face of the King:
O chariot-wheels, speed me faster!
O angels, be fleeter of wing!

Press on till in deep adoration,
I mingle my voice with the strain :
"Peace, honor, thanksgiving, salvation,
Be unto the Lamb that was slain !"



BE STILL AND TRUST.

FOR His are strokes of love
Thou must for thy profit bear :
He thy filial fear would move ;
Trust thy Father's loving care ;
Be still and trust !

GERMAN OF ULRICH.



"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

Not here ! not here ! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near,
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters ;
I shall be satisfied, but oh, not here !

Not here ! where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal ;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land, where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know :
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair city where our hearts abide ;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words : “ I shall be satisfied.”

Satisfied ! satisfied ! The spirit’s yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration that no language finds ;

Shall they be satisfied ? The soul’s vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills ?
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upwards to the heavenly hills !

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending ;
Saviour and Lord ! with thy frail child abide ;
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings
ended,
I there shall see thee, and be “ satisfied.”



AND LET THIS FEEBLE BODY FAIL.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at tears and pain.
I suffer on my allotted years,
Till my Deliverer comes
To wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white.
And conquering palms they wear.

Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

FOLDED HANDS.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

*MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.*

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I go,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side :
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified. *

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee,
And careful less to serve thee much,
Than to please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy love appoints.
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free ;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"Is this the way, my Father?" " 'T is, my child,
Thou must pass through the tangled, weary wild,
If thou would 'st reach the city undefiled,
Thy peaceful home above."

"But enemies are round !" " Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expect'st, thou 'lt find a foe ;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below. .
Only seek strength above."

"My Father, it is dark !" "Child, take my hand,
Cling close to me ; I'll lead thee through the land,
Trust my all-seeing care, so shalt thou stand
Midst glory bright above."

"My footsteps seem to slide !" "Child, only raise
Thine eyes to *me*, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings ; thou shalt praise
Me for each step, above."

“O Father, I am weary!” “Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast ; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path ; hope on, till I have said,
Rest, rest for aye above.”

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the “great white throne,”
Nearer the “Jasper sea.”

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burden down ;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.

But lying darkly between,
Flowing down through the night,
Is that dark and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

Let me feel as I would when my feet
Are just slipping over the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer my home,
Nearer now than I think.

PHCEBE CAREY.

OUR REST.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
O'er the rough road, and up the steep hillside :
O city of our God ! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My garments travelworn, and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, our righteousness,
Spotless and pure in heaven's unclouded ray.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
Sinning, repenting, sinning yet again ;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from sin ?

Patience, poor soul ! The Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too ;
His garments stained, and travelworn, and old,
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod ;
Bear on, and wait in patience for thy rest ;
O city of our God ! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

*THE ANSWER.*

"ALLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man,
Racked with pain the long night through ;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender.
Till his lips like honey grew.

But at evening came the tempter ;
Said, " Call louder, child of pain !
See if Allah ever hear, or
Answer, ' Here am I,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil
Through his brain and pulses went ;
To his heart an icy coldness,
To his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him, stands Elias ;
Says, " My child, why thus dismayed ?
Dost repent thy former fervor ?
Is thy soul of prayer afraid ?"

" Ah !" he cried, " I called so often ;
Never heard the ' Here am I ;'
And I thought, God will not pity ;
Will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered,
" God said, ' Rise, Elias, go,
Speak to him, the sorely tempted ;
Lift him from his gulf of woe.

" ' Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering prayer ;
That *his* prayer, " Come, gracious Allah !"
Is *my* answer, Here am I.' "

Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled ;
And in every " O my Father ! " *
Slumbers deep a " Here, my child."

THOU KNOWEST ALL.

O CHRIST ! there is no need of words to tell
My heart to thee ; thou needest not to spell,

As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;
Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.
Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing all the while
How soon will pass away the endless grief,
How soon will come the gladness and relief ;
But if thou smilest, yet thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow ;
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace ;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us till we see his face.

We would see Jesus ; other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing—
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

We would see Jesus ; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long ;
And earth from earth can scarce unclothe its fingers,
Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus ; sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away :
We would see thee, to gain a sweet reminding
That thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus ; this is all we're needing ;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight :
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night !

*SOME TIME.*

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see that while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me :
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace ;

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We might interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart ;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say that "God knew best."

*LONGINGS.*

WHEN shall I be at rest ? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh, that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds and take me where thou art.

When shall I be at rest ? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom ; I scarce can
see
The waymarks that my Saviour left for me ;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with him.

Oh, that I were at rest, like some I love,
 Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
 Seeming to plead that either they might stay
 With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink
 From any toil or weariness for me,
 Not even from that last deep agony.
 Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord; for when I am indeed at rest,
 One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
 The sternest memories of my earthly race,
 Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
 To bring me there. I know thou canst not be
 Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me.
 I'll toil for thee, since thou for me didst bleed!



PEACE.

LIFE'S mystery—deep, restless as the ocean;
 Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
 Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
 As in and out its hollow moanings flow:
 Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
 Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee.

Life's sorrows with inexorable power

Sweep desolating o'er this mortal plain ;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff,
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain :
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life,

Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining ;
We ask, and thou art silent ; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.

No crushing fate, no stony destiny ;

Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tide,

The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off lands, from dim eternal shores,

Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in thee.

Thy piercéd hand guides the mysterious wheels,

Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown
of power ;

And when the dark enigma presseth sore

Thy patient voice saith, " Watch with me one
hour."

As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee.

H. B. STOWE.

RECONCILED.

OH, years gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of ease,
And hours of almost ecstasy!
Yet would I have no moon stand still
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie,
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.
For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too,
To-day, ay, even this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.
Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry;
But that his plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim,
And where I cannot understand
I trust the issue unto him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say :
Prayers that I thought unanswered once,
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once
Perished untimely in their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,
For moments I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand ;

Then learned I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms,
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light
Who crieth out most earnestly,
" Lord, that I might receive my sight !"

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I, while my soul can mount,
As the young eagle mounts the skies ?

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity.

O death, most dreaded power of all,
When the last moment comes, and thou
Darkenest the windows of my soul
Through which I look on nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens
Is lighted by the smile of God!

PHOEBE CAREY.



• *ENDURANCE.*

A STRONG and mailéd angel,
With eyes serene and deep,
Unwearied and unwearying,
His patient watch doth keep.

A strong and mailéd angel,
In the midnight and the day,
Walking with me at my labor,
Kneeling by me when I pray.

What he says no other heareth ;
None listen save the stars,
That move in armed battalions,
Clad with the strength of Mars.

Low are the words he speaketh :
" Young dreamer, God is great !
'T is glorious to suffer,
'T is majesty to wait !"

Oh, angel of Endurance !
Oh, saintly and sublime !
White are the arméd legions
That tread the halls of time !

Blessed and brave and holy !
The olive on my heart,
Baptized with thy baptizing,
Shall never more depart.

Oh, strong and mailéd angel !
Thy trailing robes I see ;
Read other souls the lesson
So meekly read to me.

Still chant the same grand anthem,
The beautiful and great,
" 'T is glorious to suffer,
'T is majesty to wait !"

SWEET MARJORAM.

God's garden, where tall lilies grow,
Silver and golden and sweet ;
Where crimson roses only blow
To shed their bloom at his feet ;
Purple pansies, with hearts of fire,
Violets bathed in their own perfume.
'Mid the rainbow tangle of flowers
Can a little herb find room ?

God's garden, where the thrushes sing
Ere spring has yet begun,
Where larks with dew upon the wing
Rise warbling to the sun,
Nightingales chant as the day grows dim,
Gayly glistens the hummingbird.
Through the choral notes of that great hymn
Can a little wren be heard ?

Herbs can sweeten the bleak hillside
Where flowers can never grow ;
Through winter frosts the wren will bide
And sing above the snow ;
And God accepts with tender love
Their service true and sweet ;
Can nightingales and roses give
An offering more complete ?

C. BROOKS.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

“NAY, give me back my blossoms,”
Said the palm-tree to the Nile ;
But the stream flowed on unheeding,
With its old familiar smile.
With soft and silver smile it flowed,
With its soft and silver smile,
All heedless of the palm-tree’s sigh,
That strange, long-wandering Nile !
It seemed to say, “ ’Tis better far
To leave your flowers with me ;
I’ll bear their yellow beauty on
To the wondering, wondering sea.
“ ’Tis better they should float away
Upon my dusky wave,
Than find upon their native stem
A useless home and grave.
“ If your sweet flowers remain with you,
Fruitless your boughs must be ;
’Tis their departure brings the fruits :
Give your bright flowers to me.
“ Nay, ask not back your blossoms,”
To the palm-tree said the Nile ;
“ Let me keep them,” said the river,
With its sweet and sunny smile.

And the palm gave up its blossoms
To its friend so wise and old,
And saw them, all unsighing,
Float down the river's gold.

The amber tresses vanished,
And the dear spring fragrance fled,
But the welcome fruit in clusters
Came richly up instead.

'T is thus we gain by losing,
And win by failure here ;
We doff the gleaming tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,
Our weakness is our might ;
Life is but death's fair offspring,
And day the child of night.

'T is thus we rise by setting,
Through darkness reach our day :
Our own way hourly losing,
To find the heavenly way.

'T is by defeat we conquer,
Grow rich by growing poor,
And from our largest giving
We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,
And let the fragrance go ;
All the surer and the larger
Is the harvest we shall know.

BONAR.

SUFFERING is the work now sent ;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by :
All my powers to this are bent ;
Suffering is my gain ; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it, hushed and still :
Suffering is my worship now.

RICHTER.

WHAT THEN?

WHAT then ? Why, then another pilgrim song,
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted ;
And then a thirsty stage, (ah me, so long !)
And then a brook just where it most is wanted.

What then ? The pitching of the evening tent,
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close at my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears and fears and sorrows;
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes his loving kindness;
For darkest shades the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim,
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile for ever and for ever!

JANE CREWDSON.

"IT IS I."

"It is so hard!" I said,
And sat within and told my troubles o'er;
A hand fell softly on my bowed head,
Yet no one passed my door.

“A fancy!” then I said :
“But oh, to feel that touch for evermore
Methinks, indeed, I could be comforted !”
And sorrowed as before.

“No other heart can know !”
Breaks out my grief again with bitter cry :
“And God is far—so far, my faith lets go
Her hold on heaven, to die !”

Then some one stoopéd low,
His heart full throbbing as with tears close by :
“Lord, is it thou so movéd by my woe ?”
He answered, “It is I !”



THE ELDER BROTHER.

YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care ;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light ;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me ;
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

Thus I wait for His appearing,
Singing all the way to heaven ;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

BONAR.

*THE BLESSING OF SORROW.*

I ASKED of my spirit within me,
A question that troubled me quite—
A querulous question of nature,
Because I was short in my sight.
I asked it to search out the reason
Why trouble should light upon earth,
And tears should be mingled with blessing,
And moans with the ringing of mirth.

I asked why the beautiful sunshine
Should be overclouded for some ;
Why the wings of some terrible evil
Should ever close over a home :
I asked why the meek and the holy,
Who journey—their hand in His own,
Should only be met with God's anger—
For bread, should be given a stone.

My spirit within me was silent ;
A voice whispered low through the trees,
“Do not lay on your shoulders the burden
Of mystical questions like these,
Nor ask with unsatisfied longings
Why bitterness lurks in man's cup.
Receive it as destiny's mission,
This blasting of beauty and hope.”

But a voice, like the voice of an angel,
Said, “Turn thee, and question again :
God never afflicts for his pleasure,
Nor troubles the children of men.
His hand is the hand of a Father,
His chastening is good in disguise,
Though the clouds which are resting about you
May darken this truth from your eyes.

“The eagle, with all the devotion
Our Father has placed in her breast,
In tenderest love for her eaglets,
Doth ruin the place of her nest.
Then fluttering above and around them,
She draws them and wins them to rise,
Away from the cold, barren mountains,
Above to the beautiful skies.

“And you,” said the voice, “like the eagle,
Do build you some wonderful nest,
Do cherish and cling to your treasures,
And draw them up close to your breast.
So the Father, in tender compassion,
Stoops down with a pitying eye,
And scatters the beautiful blessings,
To teach his poor eaglets to fly.

“And then,” said the voice, growing softer,
“Some things which you counted God’s wrath,
Are only his wonderful blessings,
Revealing themselves in your path;
And that which you counted an evil,
Was haply an angel of light,
God’s beautiful angel of sorrow,
Who wingéd his way through the night.”

*FOLDED HANDS.**THE SNOW-BIRD.*

HE sits in winter's sleet,
And the snow is round his feet,
 But he cares not for the cold;
For his little cheerful heart
Thinks the snow as fair a part
 As the summer's green and gold.

On the branches bare and brown,
With their crystals for a crown,
 Sits the little winter bird;
In the dark and cloudy days
Lightening the lonely ways
 With his constant cheering word.

To his mission he is true;
God hath work for him to do:
 With his little song to cheer,
In his sweet life's simple speech
Lessons high and glad to teach,
 In the dark days of the year.

Ah, his little heart is strong,
And he never thinks it wrong
 That to him this lot is given;
Never envies birds that sing
In the summer and the spring,
 Underneath a sunny heaven.

So he is a teacher sent
With a lesson of content
To all the spirits that are sad;
And his song with richest freight
Comes to all the desolate,
Bidding sorrow's self be glad.

“Wouldst thou choose thy time or way?”
Does the little poet say.

“God hath ordered these for thee :
Where thy life can serve him best
He hath set thee ; only rest,
And his purpose thou shalt see.”

Ye around whose life the snow
Lieth heavily and low,
Take a lesson from the bird :
As God giveth you a day,
Strive to charm the gloom away,
Whether welcomed or unheard.

God hath singers, many a one,
Who can praise him in the sun,
As the happy cherubim ;
But I think the songs they raise
Who are dwellers in dark ways,
Are a sweeter sound to him.

FOLDED HANDS.

Not by outward joy or sweetness
Does he judge of life's completeness,
But by surer test of truth ;
It may be he gives the grace
Of his heaven's highest place
To the lowly of the earth.

SHADOWS.

THE clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see ;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his
While all is dim,
To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow him.
Through many a thorny path he leads
My tired feet ;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that he is close to me,
My God, my Guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

To blind my eyes he may reveal
 No light at all,
But while I lean on his strong arm
 I cannot fall.

*MY PSALM.*

I MOURN no more my vanished years ;
 Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart grows young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my heart I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed or tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away,
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
 The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days, in golden haze,
 Melt down the amber sky.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds,
 To give or to withhold ;
And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoc'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the streams of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein the blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blended in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



FORENOON, and afternoon, and night—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night—forenoon—and what ?
The empty song repeats itself no more ?

Yes, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won !

EDMUND ROWLAND SILL.

"THOU WILT SHOW ME THE PATH OF LIFE."

PSALM 16: 11.

THY way, not mine, O Lord !
However dark it be ;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It shall be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, O God !
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Choose thou for me, my friends,
My sickness and my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

BONAR.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore ;
Waiting for the dawning, the opening of the door :
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of
his home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm,
and strife ;

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life ;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be
o'er,

I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the
door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they
stand,

Singing in the sunshine of that better land.

Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way are best,
But I am wasted, worn and weary; Father, bid me rest!

GUTHRIE.

ALL IN ALL.

SON of man, Thou Elder Brother,
Joy of every loving heart;
More to me than every other,
More than life itself thou art;

Every thought of thee is pleasure,
Blissful every hour of prayer ;
Benedictions without measure
Whisper round me everywhere.

Earth may be a desert dreary,
Life a dark and cloudy day,
And the human spirit, weary,
Mark with tears its shadowed way.
Yet for me the world is glory,
Life a rapturous swell of love—
Glad beginning of a story
Which shall end in bliss above.

Time has not so deep a sadness,
But thy presence and thine aid
Shall transform it into gladness ;
Souls can never be afraid,
O'er whom, like a robe of blessing,
Heavenly sympathy descends—
Whom thy hand, with fond caressing,
Leads toward life that never ends.

Oh, the blessedness supernal
Of that life beyond the grave !
Oh, the peace and rest eternal
Far beyond the Jordan wave !

In the everlasting brightness
 Beaming from thy sacred face,
Grant my soul, when washed to whiteness,
 An eternal resting-place.

REV. ROBERT B. HALL.

GOD'S BLESSED RAIN.

How we have longed and prayed for rain !
 The thirsty earth
Hath lifted pleading hands in vain,
 While dreary dearth
And heat and glare have mocked her pain,
Have shrivelled all the fields of grain,
Curled up the corn, and scorched the plain,
Tamed the wild brook, whose sad refrain,
Is only this, " Send rain ! send rain ! "

And now God sends his welcome rain !
 The grateful earth
Forgets her weary hours of pain,
 And stretches forth
Glad greeting hands from every plain ;
The waving corn unfurls again ;
We look for harvests rich with grain,
And smile to hear the brook's refrain—
" Bless God for rain ! bless God for rain ! "

So have I fainted by the way,
At heart o'ercome
By heat and burden of the day,
Too blind and dumb
To more than lift my hands and say—
Stricken and helpless as I lay—
In feeble, dull, uncertain way,
“O loving Christ! my pain allay!
Send help! send help to me, I pray!”

And help has come; as glad and free
As fell the rain,
So fell his tender love on me,
And soothed my pain.
My thirsty soul drank greedily
The sweet cool drops, and it may be
That drouth and thirst were good for me,
That I might say most gratefully,
“Oh, rain from heaven! bless God for thee!”

MRS. S. M. WALSH.

IN THE ROUGH.

THE marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best;
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked farther than all the rest,

And saw, in the hard, rough stone,
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care,
And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face ;
But the blows were hard and fast,
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen ;
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

THE SURE REFUGE.

OH ! I know the hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light.
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line,
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of life burns dim,
Oh ! I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete ;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.
I can wait till the dayspring shall overflow
The night of pain and care,
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel that the hand that is holding me
Will ever hold me fast ;
And the strength of the arms that are folding me
Will keep me to the last.

EVENING PRAYER.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father, forgive my weariness, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head :
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break..

UNDER GOD'S HAND.

DEAR suffering one! weary must be thy days,
Lying so helpless on thy bed of pain ;
With hourly need of God's abundant grace,
What canst thou do but pray and pray again ?

And in the lonely hours of silent night,
When slumber comes in visits few and brief,
Watching and longing for the morning light,
Prayer only can give sure and sweet relief.

And if thy faith e'er falter, doubt arise,
And for a moment thy weak heart complain,
If tempted e'er to ask the reason why
Thy lot must be so full of grief and pain,

Then pray, and surely He who heareth prayer,
Perchance, unseen, beside thy couch shall stand ;
Will lift the burdening shadows of despair,
And closer clasp in His thy helpless hand,

And whisper, "Child, I love thee, wait and trust,
Till I in thee through suffering shall have wrought
Such patient meekness, that full many must,
Through thy example, unto Christ be brought."

Then will I say to thee, "It is enough,
Thy weary cross for evermore lay down :
Thou 'st borne it bravely o'er life's ocean rough,
Receive from my own hand thy promised crown."

List ! 't is thy Father's voice, "Dear child, come
home,"

And sister spirits bid thee welcome there ;
"Perfect through suffering" join that blood-washed
throng,

Where God's own hand shall wipe away each tear.

EMILY ELLET.

MY ANGEL.

PAIN stood beside me in my lonely room,
And laid her hand on me, till shudderingly
I prayed her to give respite, and be kind.
But respite there was none, for all my prayer ;
And as she laid her fingers on my brow,
The sharp wild throbbing pierced thro' all my brain,
And flashed along the slender, living nerve,
Until I cried, "O God, be pitiful !
Thy weakest child asks shelter 'neath thy care !"

Tears came to soften my strained, burning eyes ;
And as I looked on Pain, my shadowy guest,
Her face was shining with a heavenly light,
And tender as a mother's sweetest glance.
And then she spoke with soft and loving tone :
" No cruel foe, dear child, but truest friend,
I come, commissioned by thy risen Lord
To purge thy dross and draw thy heart above.
Were life too sweet, heaven would be all forgot,
For only weary souls will sigh for rest.

" Thy Master bore the cross ; and all of his
Must follow in his pathway to the end.
He wore a crown of thorns, which pierced his brow
With sharp of agony no mortal knows.
And so, when on thy brow I lay a crown,
Woven with throbs of suffering fierce and wild,
The Elder Brother then will seem more near,
Since faintly thou art sharer in his woe."

Pain stands beside me still within my room,
And still her fingers rest upon my brow ;
My flesh and heart yet quiver 'neath her touch ;
But when I can look upward in her face,
She smiles so sweet upon me that I say,
" O blessed Pain ! the dear Lord knoweth best,

And I will clasp his hand, and wait his will.
E'en to the weakest he gives strength and grace ;
But what am I beneath the infinite Eye,
That I should have an angel in my room ?”

S. B. T.

ENOUGH.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without thee ;
But oh, the tenderness of thine infolding,
And oh, the faithfulness of thine upholding,
And oh, the strength of thy right hand !
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord ! But well I know
All fulness dwells in thee ;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust thy word alone ;
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries entwining ;
Thy promise-roll is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from thee
All true and full and marvellous affection,
So near, so human ! yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and
broad,
Unfathomed as the sea—
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling ;
But now thy perfect peace is perfect filling ;
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Thou, thou art enough for me !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

COMFORT OR COMPLAINT.

SING a hymn to Jesus when the heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint :
If the work is sorrow, if the way be long,
If thou dreadst the morrow, tell it him in song.
Though thy heart be aching for the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking with a faithful psalm.
Jesus, we are lowly, thou art very high ;
We are all unholy, thou art purity ;
We are frail and fleeting, thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting in thy blessed name.

Sing a hymn to Jesus when thy heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

All his words are music, though they make me weep ;
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep ;
Time can never render all in him I see,
Infinitely tender human Deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus when thy heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

Jesus, let me love thee, infinitely sweet !
What are the poor odors I bring unto thy feet ?
Yet I love thee, love thee ! Come into my heart,
And ere long remove me to be where thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus when my heart is faint ;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

HEAVENWARD.

HEAVEN is not far away
To those who see aright ;
The veil is thin that falls between
The darkness and the light.
'T's only just a step,
The opening of a door,
And no more night, or tears,
Or pains, for evermore.

The sorrow-cloud that hangs
Threatening above our head,
Mayhap pours down its wrath
Upon the way we tread ;
But toward the blue above,
Heavenward by faith is seen
The glory bright that lines the cloud
With radiant silver sheen.

Though while the tempests rage,
And hearts grow dumb with fear,
We cannot see the light above,
But only know 't is there ;
We know the hand that leads
Will hold us in the way,
And not a cloud obscure
The light of heaven some day.

I WILL not let Thee go, thou help in time of need !
Heap ill on ill, I trust thee still,
E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed !
Do as thou wilt with me, I yet will cling to thee !
Hide thou thy face, yet, help in time of need,
I will not let thee go !

PATIENCE.

WHY are we so impatient of delay,

Longing for ever for the time to be ?

For thus we live to-morrow in to-day,

Yet sad to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty ; are not reconciled

To let kind Nature do her work alone ;

We plant our seed, and, like a foolish child,

We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now,

We cannot wait for the appointed hour ;

Before the fruit is ripe we shake the bough,

And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns, we do not see

That the sad night is mother of the morn :

We cannot think our own sharp agony

May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,

And cry that death has triumphed, life is void !

We do not trust the promise that the last

Of all our enemies shall be destroyed !

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,

And heart and flesh grow weary at the last ;

Our feet would walk the city of the saints

Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—
 'To know that all thy ways and times are just ;
 Thou seest that we do believe and fear ;
 Lord, make us also to believe and trust !

PHOEBE CAREY.

THY WILL—AND MINE.

My will, dear Lord, from thine doth run
 Too oft a different way :
 'T is hard to say " Thy will be done "
 In every darkened day !
 My heart grows chill
 To see thy will
 Turn all life's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers,
 Thine blights them in my hand ;
 Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,
 Thine leads to shadow-land ;
 And all my days
 Go on in ways
 I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine
 From failure and from loss :
 The will that runs transverse to thine
 Doth thereby make its cross ;

Thine upright will
Cuts straight and still
Through pride and dream and dross.

But if in *parallel* to thine
My will doth meekly run,
All things in heaven and earth are mine,
My will is crossed by none.
Thou art in me,
And I in thee :
Thy will—and mine—are done !

MY CROSS.

I BENT beneath the burden,
That my weary shoulders bore,
And I said in my despairing,
“I can take the cross no more :
For the flesh is torn and bleeding,
The step is faint and slow ;
I must rest me in my journey,
I can no farther go.

“I see no other pilgrim
With such a cross as mine ;
For some are wreathed with blossoms,
And some with jewels shine ;

And those who bear the burden
Seem smiling as they go,
No weight is in the jewels,
And in the flowers no thorn.

“Oh, give me, gentle Jesus,
Some shorter cross to bear,
Before I faint or sicken,
Or yield me to despair ;
Or if the load I carry
Is for my shoulders made,
Let me not bear it lonely,
But give me human aid.”

Thus, in my utter weakness,
And faint with toil, I cried ;
When He, the Burden-bearer,
Came quickly to my side.
“No other cross would fit thee,”
He said in gentle tone,
“This was in love provided,
In ages that are gone.

“I bore it long before thee,
And bore it for thy sake ;
No other hand can aid thee,
Nor any burden take ;

Thy heart with human sorrow,
Is only known by me,
Take up thy cross with patience,
And I thy help will be."

JULIA TOLMAN INGERSOLL.

TRUST.

I CANNOT see with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me :
I only know he saith, " Child, follow me ;"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before ;
I only know God could keep wide the door ;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtile on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray ;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found ;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath ;
But this I know : God watches all my path ;
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight ;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light ;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To know while here the land beyond the river ;
But this I know : I shall be God's for ever ;
So I can trust.

*IN SCHOOL.*

I USED to go to a bright school,
Where youth and frolic taught in turn.
But, idle scholar that I was,
I liked to play, I would not learn ;
So the Great Teacher did ordain,
That I should try the school of Pain.

One of the infant class I am,
With little easy lessons set
In a great book ; the higher class
Have harder ones than I, and yet

I find mine hard, and can't restrain
My tears while studying thus with Pain.

There are two teachers in the school,

One has a gentle voice and low,
And smiles upon her scholars, as

She softly passes to and fro.

Her name is Love ; 't is very plain,
She shuns the sharper teacher, Pain.

Or so I sometimes think ; and then,

At other times they meet and kiss,
And look so strangely like, that I

Am puzzled to tell how it is,

Or whence the change that makes it vain
To guess if it be—Love, or Pain.

They tell me if I study well,

And learn my lessons, I shall be
Moved upward to that higher school

Where dear Love teaches constantly ;
And I work hard, in hope to gain
Reward, and get away from Pain.

Yet Pain is sometimes kind, and helps

Me on when I am very dull ;

I thank her often in my heart,

But Love is far more beautiful ;

Under her tender, gentle reign,
I must learn faster than of Pain.

So I will do my very best,
Nor chide the clock, nor call it slow ;
That when the Teacher calls me up,
To see if I am fit to go,
I may to Love's high class attain,
And bid a sweet good-by to Pain.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright ;
If strength should fail and heart too deeply bleed,
Be thou my light.

I know that deadly evils compass me
On every side ;
Yet these I fear not, if but thee I see,
O Crucified !
I need thy love : oh, let it brightly shine
Upon me still !
I have enough, if I can call thee mine,
All wounds to heal.
Thine arm alone, O Lord, I lean upon,
A bruised reed ;
And till the conflict's o'er, the victory won,
None else I need.
While here I know but little of thy love,
Nor half adore ;
But hope to praise thee better, Lord, above,
For evermore.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro.
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping,
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed
Then it is that God's great mercy
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine ! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of love, which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost. SAXE HOLM.

IN THE FOG.

THE sparrows are chirping, chirping,
Though the air with mist is full ;
They seem to say, "What matter
If the day is cold and dull ?
Or fair or foul the weather,
The Lord is merciful.

“He gives us each our portion
In sunshine or in rain ;
We eat our crumbs and praise him
For every tiny grain ;
He thinks of the little sparrows,
And how can we complain ?”

The chirp of the sparrow chides me ;
Faint not, O soul of mine,
If the Lord for such is caring,
He'll care for thee and thine.
Weak is the faith that falters
When the sun forgets to shine.

“For are not ye much better
Than they ?” the dear Lord says ;
“Why, then, are ye so faithless ?
Trust me in darkest days.”
Chirp on, ye little sparrows,
I, too, will trust and praise.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

IN HIS VINEYARD.

THERE is never a way so narrow or short,
But the Master's work is there ;
THERE is something to do for his dear sake,
Or something to calmly bear.

There are trials to meet with Christian faith
And duties with Christian grace ;
And there's Christian sweetness to every one,
To be given in every place.

Their working days are never so hard,
Who find in Christ a stay ;
And days of darkness are days of light,
When Jesus leads the way.

And the waiting days of those that hope,
Are days of quietness,
And the praying days of those that trust,
Are days of perfect peace.

There are flowers down in the valley low,
And over the mountain side,
Which never were praised by a human voice,
Nor by human eyes descried.

Yet as sweet as the breath of the royal rose
Is the perfume they exhale ;
And why they bloom, and where they bloom
The dear Lord knoweth well. A. L. WYMAN.



UP in the silent solitudes of prayer,
There where my soul communion holds with God,
Beyond the clouds of earthly grief and care,
The secret springs of life have ever flowed.

We reach but seldom to those upper springs,
For earth-hewn barriers bar the mountain way;
And to its kindred dust the spirit clings,
Loving the twilight rather than the day,
Till the fierce storm above our pathway hover,
Till some sweet dream of earthly bliss is over,
Then doth the heart cry out for better things;
The Saviour's voice finds out the sorrowing soul:
"Come unto me, and I will make thee whole."



CHRIST THE ONLY COMFORTER.

My heart is very tired; my weary hands
Are faint with gathering up the withered flowers
That die within their clasp. The air that fans
My two pale cheeks seems blown from lonely bowers
Where birds forget to sing. My idols break
Before my face, and show the clay for gold.
The storms are pitiless. Thou, Saviour, wake,
And still this tempest. Thou alone dost hold
The power to comfort. Let me see thy face,
And firmly clasp thy hand; then will I be
Strong in thy strength. My thirsty soul would taste,
The living waters. Make me like to thee,
Dear gentle Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In storm and calm thy glory let me see.

JULIA TOLMAN INGERSOLL.

THE BROOK.

Up in the wild, where no one comes to look,
There lives and sings a lonely little brook ;
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rain as drinks the soul her thought ;
And down dim hollows, where it winds along,
Bears its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That singeth ceaselessly, alone, alone !
And hear, afar, the rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea !

The voiceful river chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor every one ;
Outstretching wide, and joining hand in hand,
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah, lonely brook ! creep onward through the pines,
Rest thro' the gloom to where the daylight shines ;
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee.

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth ;
Hold thine own path, whitherso'e'er it tendeth ;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the rivers by-and-by !

HIDDEN ONES.

A FEEDLE taper with enough of light
 To show the dark of night ;
A pale, faint gleam where stars in clouds have set,
 That beams and brightens yet ;
For One, whose brightness does not set or rise,
 The living oil supplies.

A still small voice that scarce the silence breaks,
 Yet echo sweet that wakes ;
A tone of gladness when gay voices weep,
 To comfort grief to sleep ;
For One hath stirred, else haply all unheard,
 The low, deep, answering word.

A strain of music where a single string
 Has leave to wail or sing ;
And loudest sings in winter's fiercest blast,
 And sweeter at the last ;
For One has breathed, with gentle touch and strong,
 The trembling chord along.

A flower that sheds its sweets in night and dew,
 And shuns the noontide view ;
A germ of Eden dropped in mortal soil,
 Safe kept from time's despoil ;

For One with nurture of immortal love,
Doth shield it from above.

A beauty—not with shape of earthly mould,
Or proud ideal cold ;

A soul with wings uplifted for the skies,
Waiting its hour to rise ;

For One of beauty pure of earthly trace
Hath touched the soul with grace.

A heart that waits for rest, yet rests the while
On loving heart and smile :

This winter-bloom, this song in pain, this lamp
That glows through cold and damp,

Yea, all God's hidden ones in corners dim
Are hidden safe with Him !

E. L. E.



Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to even song.



A SONG OF SOLACE.

Thou sweet hand of God, that so woundest my
heart,

Thou makest me smile, while thou makest me
smart ;

It seems as if God were at ball-play—and I,
The harder He strikes me, the higher I fly.

I own it; He bruises, He pierces me sore;
But the hammer and anvil afflict me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see,
The sculptor will carve out an angel for me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful soe'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there;
For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow,
When the smith with his hammer deals blow upon
blow.

God presses me hard, but He gives patience too!
And I say to myself, "'T is no more than my due:"
And no tone from the organ can swell on the
breeze,

Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys.
So come then, and welcome, the blow and the
pain;

Without them no mortal can heaven attain;
For what can the sheaves on the bare floor avail,
Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff with his
flail?

'T is only a moment God chastens with pain;
Joy follows our sorrow like sunshine or rain;
Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay,
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harp-
ers ring ;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of
the King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
My yearning heart grows fonder,
Of looking to the East, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day-breaking,
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of
the King.

Oh! to be over yonder !
Alas! I sigh and wonder,
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly
thing ?
Each tie of earth may sever,
And pass away for ever ;
But there's no more separation in the presence of
the King.

Oh ! to be over yonder,
The longing groweth stronger,
When I see the wild doves cleave the air with rapid
wing ;
I long for their fleet pinions,
To reach my Lord's dominions,
And rest my weary spirit in the presence of the
King.

Oh ! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where life and light and sunshine rest fair on every-
thing ;
Where the day-beam is unshaded,
As pure as He who made it—
This land of cloudless sunshine where Jesus is the
King.

Oh ! when shall I be dwelling,
Where the angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heav-
ens ring,
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming,
Oh ! when shall I be over yonder in the presence
of the King ?

Oh ! when shall I be yonder ?
The longing groweth stronger,
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do
sing,

Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

Oh ! soon, soon I'll be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the
bird's fleet wing ;

The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence
of the King.

FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
And all thy ways adore ;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will !
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee!

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FABER.

WAITING.

"For they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

YES, I am waiting, Lord, and it is sweet
To rest the while close at thy sacred feet;
Here with thy wounded hand upon my head,
My weary soul is blest and comforted.

'T is joy to tarry at thy bleeding side,
Whence flows the healing, purifying tide,
My only hope, my perfect righteousness;
Yes, I will wait in this dear hiding-place.

For prone am I, my Lord, from thee to stray,
And lose thy presence in earth's busy way;
Yea, sometimes out on errands thine alone,
Self rises, and I count them all my own.

So eager am I to devise and do,
And in my frantic zeal the way pursue,
That I forget I should but follow thee;
And hurry, till thy face I cannot see.

And thou in love dost check my foolish haste,
Take me apart into the desert waste,
And bid me pause till thou shall point the way,
And go before me lest again I stray.

So here beneath the shadow of thy wing
I stay my steps, and as I wait I sing;
While peace divine through all my soul distils,
And love its blessed, perfect work fulfils.

In this dear refuge, quieted and still,
I fold my hands and bide thy holy will;
"Speak, for thy servant heareth," I will say,
Ready when thou shalt send me to obey.

Shall disappointment or dismay betide
The soul that meekly waits her Lord beside?
Ah, no, my expectation is from him,
And shall not fail though heaven itself grow dim.

God is the Lord, who gives the soul's desire,
I bind the sacrifice and wait the fire;
They shall not be ashamed who watch and wake,
The morn of joy and glory soon shall break.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

THE MASTER-TEACHER.

I SAT in the school of sorrow;
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing his face divine,
So full of tender compassion
For weary hearts like mine;

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done,"
And the Master came not near me,
As the leaden hours went on.

At last in despair I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me he pointed,
And I thought I heard him say,
"My child! thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"Not now may I tell the reason;
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy woe."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted,
For one glimpse of that face divine
Had given me strength to bear it,
And say, "Thy will, not mine!"

And so I learned my lesson,
And through the weary years
His helping hand sustained me,
And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
From the heavenly home streamed down,
Where the school-tasks are all ended,
And the cross is exchanged for the crown.

*A HYMN OF LONGING.*

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so ;
I know he is so good and kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help—some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.
I stretch my hand : it lies so near,
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear ;
“ Dear Lord,” I pray, “ oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so ?”
He only smiles, he does not speak,
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.
Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet ;
I will not seek—I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong ;

I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

PROVIDENCE.

With peaceful mind thy race of duty run ;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see
Through all events of time as well as He.

"I WILL SEND THE COMFORTER."

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey,
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away ;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 't is a blessed thing for me,
To need thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou in thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love hath many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face;
And communes with thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world cannot see,
What hands should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Through silent anguish slow,
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go!
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech.
Peace—that no pressure from without,
No strife within can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified.
And it is *fellowship* with him,
That keeps me near his side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in thy love,
And peaceful in thy care:
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see:
And oh, it is not hard to bear,
What must be born in thee!

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore,
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before,
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge,
No waves can take away;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

DAY.

“Nor clear, nor dark,” not rain, not shine—
Lord, help a trembling child of thine,
 To sit, and sing, and wait !
Surely the days of light are thine !
Thou hast not spent thy store divine,
 Nor closed thy golden gate.

But I would do, and I would go,
Would have, would see, would seek, would know,
 And thou wouldst have me wait !
Wouldst have me rest, and trust, and smile,
And work at little things awhile,
 Till thou shalt give me great.

Content to be uncertain still,
To serve by waiting for thy will,
 Through chilly, gloomy days ;
To pray for doubting ones and tried,
Whose lives have many a darker side,
 To pray for grace to praise.

“Known to the Lord”—this dreary time
Shall do its part, and fruit sublime
 So precious, rare, and sweet,
Shall cluster on thy trees of grace,
And make their homes a sacred place,
 For thee and angels meet.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

ISAIAH 33:15.

"HIMSELF hath done it" all. Oh, how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought.

"Himself hath done it"—he who loves me best—
He who my soul with his own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it." Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?

Not one unneeded sorrow will he send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it." Yes, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
'Tis his own hand that holds it, and I know
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it." Oh, no arm but his
Could e'er sustain, beneath earth's dreary lot;
But while I know he doeth all things well,
My heart his loving-kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it." He who searched me
through,
Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties;
And, now he breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for happiness and joy relies.

“Himself hath done it.” He would have me see
What broken cisterns human friends must prove ;
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At his own fount of ever-living love.

“Himself hath done it.” Then I fain would say,
“Thy will in all things evermore be done ;”
E’en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives, I cannot be alone.

“Himself hath done it,” precious, precious words ;
“Himself,” my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend ;
Whose faithfulness no variation knows ;
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.

And when, in his eternal presence blest,
I at his feet my crown immortal cast,
I’ll gladly own, with all his ransomed saints,
“Himself hath done it”—ALL—from first to last.



THE RESTING-PLACE.

A VOICE has called me to the wilderness,
For quiet rest,
Far from the place which rapid footsteps press
In eager quest ;

And here I lie in wait from morn to night
Till there shall be
Some marching order sent in words of light
To set me free.

But while I wait within this Achor-vale
I look away
To where the sunny joys of life prevail,
And hear One say,
"After the quiet and the rest of life
Thou shalt be strong ;
And when has died away the noise of strife
Thou shalt have song."

And he shall teach me in these quiet days
Of peace and rest,
The old, forgotten songs of joyous praise
Which I loved best ;
And so that he be with me while I stay,
And make me glad,
There is no hour of all the passing day
That can be sad.

And so I thank the Father-voice that bade
Me rest awhile,
Where visions of the future make me glad ;
And in his smile

The quiet days shall pass, till once again
It is his will
That I should leave the vale of night and pain,
And serve him still.

*HELPLESS.*

LORD, I had planned to do thee service true,
To be more humbly watchful unto prayer,
More faithful in obedience to thy word,
More bent to put away all earthly care.

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray,

Of time all consecrated to thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for thee day by day,
When suddenly the heavenly mandate came
That I should give it all at once away.

Thy blessed hand came forth and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry,
Then bade me to believe that loss was gain.

And was it loss to have indulged such hopes ?

Nay, they were gifts from out the inner shrine,
Garlands that I might hang about thy cross,
Gems to surrender at the call divine.

As chiselled image unresisting lies

In niche by its own sculptor's hand designed,
So to my unemployed and silent life
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

If works of faith and labors sweet of love

May not be mine, yet patient hope can be
Within my heart, like a bright censer's fire,
With incense of thanksgiving mounting free.

Thou art our Pattern to the end of time,

O Crucified ! and perfect is thy will ;
The workers follow thee in doing good,
The helpless think of Calvary and are still.

*THE LOVE OF JESUS.*

SWEETLY sing the love of Jesus,

Love for you and love for me ;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dews are not more free.

As a child in pain or terror
Hides him in his mother's breast,
As a sailor seeks the haven,
We would come to him for rest.

Softly sing the love of Jesus,
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how, walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe or friend,
In the garden and in dying
Jesus loved us to the end.

Gladly sing the love of Jesus :
Let us lean upon his arm ;
If he love us, what can grieve us ?
If he keep us, what can harm ?
Still he lays his hand in blessing
On each upturned, seeking face,
And in heaven his children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

Ever sing the love of Jesus,
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring his own to him more dear ;

Death's cold wave need not affright us
When we know that Jesus died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling from the Other Side.

TRUST.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest.
The bird sits swinging by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing streams or grassy mead
He sings, to shame
Men who forget, in hour of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

FOLDED HANDS.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

I WALKED in pleasant places,
 'Mid pastures green and fair ;
The Lord marked out a hard rough way ;
 He bade me enter there.
 " Father," I answering said,
 " That way I cannot tread :
My feet are all unused to thorny roads ;
 Grant me a smoother one to take !"
 " Nay, *this* for Jesus' sake,"
The Master made answer.

I ate at earthly tables,
 Life's rich wine daily quaffed,
Pressed to my lips by God's own hand
 A cup of bitter draught.
 " O Lord, forbear !" I cried,
 " Let me not thus be tried !"
 " Fear not for Me this cup to take ;
 Drink, then, for Jesus' sake,"
The Master made answer.

I'm now a pilgrim weary,
 And long for rest on high ;
Towards sunset looking wistfully,
 My soul's sweet " by-and-by."

The rough way leadeth up ;
Sweet is the bitter cup ;
The latest prayer my lips shall make,
Be this: " For Jesus' sake ;"
The Master will answer.



SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died ;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose his cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky ;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars ;
She broke my quiet dream. I heard her say,
" Behold your prison bars !

" Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live ;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give !"

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid,
But still she held me, and would still abide ;
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed
With slowly-ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day ;
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept and bid me stay !"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And sweetly, slowly I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pains He sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.



"BLEST is the man Thou chastenest, Lord !"
Thus speaks the oracle divine.
Now, on my heart let grace be poured,
And may that blessedness be mine !

FATHER, LEAD ON.

My Father, God, lead on !
Calmly I follow where thy guiding hand
Directs my steps. I would not trembling stand,
 Though all before the way
 Is dark as night ; I stay
 My soul on thee, and say,
Father, I trust thy love ; lead on.

Just as thou wilt ; lead on !
For I am as a child, and know not how
To tread the starless path whose windings now
 Lie hid from mortal ken.
 Although I know not when
 Sweet day will dawn again,
Father, I wait thy will ; lead on.

I ask not why ; lead on !
Mislead thou canst not. Though through days of
 grief
And nights of anguish, pangs without relief,
 Or fears that would o'erthrow
 My faith, thou bidst me go.
 Thy changeless love, I know,
Father, my soul will keep : lead on.

With thee is light ; lead on !
When dank and chill at eve the night-mists fall,
O'erhanging all things like a dismal pall,
 The gloom with dawn hath fled,
 So, though 'mid shades I tread,
 The day-spring o'er my head,
Father, from thee shall break ; lead on.

Thy way is peace ; lead on !
Made heir of all things, I were yet unblest
Didst thou not dwell with me and make me rest
 Beneath the brooding wing
 That thou didst o'er me fling,
 Till thou thyself shalt bring,
Father, my spirit home : lead on.

Thou givest strength ; lead on !
I cannot sink while thy right hand upholds,
Nor comfort lack while thy kind arm enfolds.
 Through all my soul I feel
 A healing influence steal
 While at thy feet I kneel,
Father, in lowly trust : lead on.

'T will soon be o'er ; lead on !
Left all behind, earth's heartaches then shall seem
Even as memories of a vanished dream ;

And when of griefs and tears
The golden fruit appears
Amid the eternal years,
Father, all thanks be thine : lead on.

RAY PALMER, D. D.

UNSEEN.

At the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall is an angel's head,
And beneath it is carven a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride ;
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

The worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sight-seers come with their curious eyes,
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of its carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for a space
Of minutes a few there falls a ray
Through an amber pane on the angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

LIFE'S LESSON.

LEARN to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition—
Hearts through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er will ripen fruit or flower:
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks but a brighter morrow,
Only tried hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side ;
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
Floating on a waveless tide.

THE ANGEL OF SUBMISSION.

God's right-hand angel, bright and strong,
Christ's strengthener in the agony,
Teach us the meaning of that psalm,
Of fulness only known by thee :
"Thy will be done !" We sit alone
And grief within our hearts grows strong
With passionate moaning till thou come,
And turn it to a song.

Come when the days go heavily,
Weighed down with burdens hard to bear ;
When joy and hope fail utterly,
And leave us fronted with despair ;
Come not with flattering earthly light,
But with those clear, grand eyes that see
Straight toward eternity.

Teach us to watch when work seems vain,
This is half victory over fate,
To match ourselves against our pain ;
The rest is done when we can wait.

Unveil our eyes to see how rife
With bloom the thorny path may be,
Which only Thou canst see.

CARL SPENCER.



TRIAL, when it weighs severely,
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
On the heart of all his friends.
In the frame his hands have moulded
Is the future life unfolded—
Through the suffering which he sends.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the heart be not distracted
By the world's beguiling art.
'T is like some angelic warder,
Ever keeping sacred order
In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,
And awakes a fond desire
For the land where psalms are ringing,
And, with palms, the martyrs singing
Sweetly to the harpers' choir.

STRENGTH TO LIVE.

THERE was a time, when low on bended knee,
With outstretched hand, and wet, uplifted eye,
I cried, "O Father, teach me how to die,
And give me strength Death's awful face to see,
And not to fear." Henceforth my prayer shall be,
"Help me to live!" Stern Life stalks slowly by,
Relentless and inexorable. No cry
For help or pity moveth her, 'as she
Gives to each one the burden of the day,
Nor heeds the limbs that bend beneath their load.
We may not shrink from our appointed task,
Nor pause to rest, however rough the road
She bids us walk in. Therefore let us pray,
Give us the strength we need to live, O God!"

MRS. JULIA CR. DORR.

THE SUFFERER'S COUCH.

To live, and not to die !
Only to wait and wait ;
To watch the passing of other feet
Within the heavenly gate,
To see the kindling light
On many a long-loved face,
As one after one the Master calls
Up to the higher place.

To feel the loosened clasp,
To catch the parting smile,
To hear the whisper from dying lips,
"Only a little while!"
Only—and yet we weep.
God hides them from our love,
It sometimes seems too hard to rejoice
That they are there—above.

To live, and not to die,
To suffer, not to reign,
Out in the dreary dark with the night,
To wrestle hard with pain.
They with the crown of peace
Fair on each calméd brow,
We with the sharpness of thorn and cross,
To fight on still below.

Silence! O restless heart,
In quietness be strong!
Well knoweth the Lord who watcheth thee
The pain of "suffering long."
He knoweth—yet his love
Is stronger than thy tears;
Shall he let thee miss thy "full reward,"
For all thy coward fears?

Many a boat would sail
Into the shining west,
Into the haven where she would be—
The land of quiet rest.
But o'er the darkening sea,
Through mist, and cold, and fear,
Cometh sweet a voice that biddeth peace :
“Patience—thy Lord is here.”

A LITTLE WHILE.

OH! for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile ;
Oh! for a faith which grasps heaven's bright for
ever,
Amid the shadows of that “little while.”

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong,
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary steps through miry ways ;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while midst shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell :
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
And hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things
well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim ;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

Thus He who is himself the gift and giver,
The future glory, and the present smile,
With his bright promise of the glad for ever
Can light the shadows of that little while.

JANE CREWDSON.

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's
welcome smiles.

I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh
an' gay ;

The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made
them sae ;

But these sights an' these soun's will as naething
be to me,

When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome
day the King

To his ain royal palace his banished hame will
bring ;

Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre we shall see

The "King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been
sair ;

But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered
mair,

For his bluid has made me white, an' his hand shall
dry my e'e,

When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo until my Saviour's breast,
For he geithers in his bosom, witless, worthless
lambs like me,

An' He carries them himsel', to his ain countrie.

He is faithful that has promised, he'll surely come
again,
He'll keep his tryst with me, at what hour I dinna
ken ;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as
I wait
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden
gate.
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to
me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain coun-
trie.

MARY E. LEE.

IN GOD'S SCHOOL.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught
And, as a little child,
To note the lessons I have learnt
In passing through the wild.
For I am sure God teaches me,
And his own gracious hand
Each varying page before me spreads,
By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell
The lesson I must learn,
And then, in weariness and doubt,
I pray the page may turn ;
And time goes on, and soon I find
I was learning all the while ;
And words which seemed most dimly traced,
Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,
And, learning o'er and o'er
A lesson all with tear-drops wet,
Which I have learned before,
He chides me not, but waits awhile,
Then wipes my heavy eyes ;
Oh, what a teacher is our God,
So patient and so wise !

Dark, silent hours of study fall,
And I can scarcely see :
Then one beside me whispers low
What is so hard to me.
'Tis easier then ! I am so glad
I am not taught alone ;
It is such help to overhear
A lesson like my own.

Sometimes the Master gives to me
A strange, new alphabet ;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
One whom He may commission me
For Him to train and teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard and new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or, had I learned it long before,
My toil is overpaid,
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Father's face,
We do not hear his voice ;
And yet we know that he is near,
We feel it, and rejoice.
There is a music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key ;
There is a presence with our souls,
We know that it is he.

His loving teaching cannot fail ;
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
When learning-time is past.
Oh ! may we learn to love him more,
By every opening page,
By every lesson he shall mark
With daily ripening age.

And then, to " know as we are known "
Shall be our glorious prize ;
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise ;
O joy untold ! Yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be ;
The travail of his soul in us
Our Saviour God shall see.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HOMEWARDS.

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore ;
Dropping down the misty river,
Times' willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore :
Where the sweet light shineth ever.

And the sun goes down no more—
Oh, wondrous, wondrous shore !

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home ;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home.
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come—
Oh, loved and longed-for home !

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried ;
Dropping down the perilous river—
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide ;
Even He, who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died—
O Helmsman, true and tried !

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land ;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection-land !
Where the living live for ever,

And the dead have joined the band,
Oh, fair and blessed land !

BONAR.

LOVE AND REST.

“Love is sweeter than rest.” HENRY TIMROD.

“REST will soon be granted, dear ;
Think of all the bliss
When you reach that brighter sphere,
Lifted free of this !
Home, and rest, and palms, and peace !
Verily such gain,
From the losses of release
Balances the pain !”

“Yes ; but human love to me
Is so near divine,
That my heart clings yearningly
Even to life like mine.
Love is sweeter far than rest—
That alone I know—
And the soul that loves me best
Will not let me go.”

“Home, and rest, and heaven, dear,
Love is in them all !
Tenderest love is given, dear,
In the Saviour's call ;

He would lift your face to his,
Fold you to his breast,
Teach you what a crowning 't is
When he offers rest !”

“Rest is sweet—how well I know
Rest that follows care—
When the tired sun droppeth low,
And beside my chair
Listens one while I repeat,
By her love caressed,
‘Ah, my darling, love is sweet,
Sweeter even than rest !”

“Yet, beloved, more than we
Understand, He gives
Unto him who trustfully
In His promise lives ;
Measure all the bliss we can,
Still must be believed
Never has the heart of man
Perfect joy conceived !”

“True, ah, true, and well I mark
All your words would teach—
And my soul beyond the dark
Stretches forth to reach

Faith yet fuller, more complete
While my lips attest
It is love makes heaven sweet,
Love is more than rest !"

MARY B. DODGE.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care,
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only seeks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its wonted cunning now ;
To march the weary march,
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past ;
The summons home has come
At last, at last.

FOLDED HANDS.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes, as well as stars,
Lead after Him.

FOUND UNDER A SOLDIER'S PILLOW AT PORT ROYAL.

IF THOU COULDEST KNOW.

I THINK if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain :
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,

I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light ;

Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
 Life's purpose all perplexed,
 If thou couldst see them right,
 I think that they would seem all clear, and wise,
 and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
 And yet thou canst not see ;
 Wisdom and sight are slow
 In poor humanity.
 If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
 In Him who rules the whole,
 Thou wouldst find peace and rest ;
 Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

 PRAYER.

BECAUSE your way is dark is there no light?
 Lo! when night's shades are deepest, morn is
 nigh!
 Send out into the gloom an earnest cry,
 A pleading for one moment's clearer sight,
 And that wild cry shall reach the Infinite ;
 Through deepest deeps and highest heights shall
 fly,
 And bring the High Eternal where you lie

Crushed prone and helpless 'neath some sorrow's
might.

God were no God could he forbear to hear

His children calling 'mid earth's pain and dole.
Pray then in faith! Your prayer will bring him near

To comfort and uplift the fainting soul.

Pray, and for one brief flash you shall see clear,
Beyond earth's mists and shades, the spirit's glori-
ous goal!

ALICE WILLIAMS.



DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard,
For, "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

And mallet soon, and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted high and pure,
The waking eyes outshone,
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And plume by plume was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.
The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite, O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine,
What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles at my feet!
O joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
Encumbered heart and hands;
Spare not the chisel; set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest if all these seeming ills,
Which draw my thoughts to thee,
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me !

JUST AS GOD LEADS.

Just as God's leads me, I would go ;
I would not ask to choose my way,
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray,
So as he leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content :
I rest me calmly in his hands :
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfil,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign ;
I trust me to my Father's will ;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil ;

That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light
My all in him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true ;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo !
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Out amid thorns and briers seen ;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, he leads me still.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY-AND-BY.

WHAT will it matter, by and-by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by-and by ?

What will it matter, by-and-by,
Whether unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and by,
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
All will be elsewise by-and-by?

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God.
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by-and-by.

Ah! it will matter by-and-by
Nothing but this: that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,

Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—love—all—by-and-by!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE PRECIOUS TOKEN.

I HAVE something Jesus gave me

For my very own ;

It is something which he sent me

From his throne.

I did but seek for hidden gold

In earth's ground,

Nor gave my wealth to gain the pearl

Which I found !

It is something which I carry

Near my heart ;

It is safe till Jesus bids me

From it part.

In itself it has no value

More than tears ;

Though I'm weary as I bear it,

I've no fears.

It is precious as a token,

From my Lord,

That his heart-thought is as loving

As his word.

FOLDED HANDS.

Like his presence it doth bring me
Peace divine ;
'T is his sweet and tender whisper,
"Thou art mine !"
What's the gift I clasp so closely ;
Wouldst thou see ?
'T is a cross, which Christ my master
Sent to me.
If my human hands had found it,
I should grieve ;
But my Jesus laid it on me,
I believe !
Oh ! how sweet it is to bear it
As His gift,
While the burden of my treasure
Christ doth lift.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

THE HILLS OF GOD.

'T is like a narrow valley-land,
This earthly way of mine ;
Before me, clad in glory grand,
I see the hills divine—
Those heights the saintly long have trod—
The hills of hope, the hills of God !

Though mists of doubt enfold me in,
 Though through the dark I grope,
The upward path my feet may win
 That mounts the heavenly slope ;
And walking through this lowland here
I know the hills of God are near.

Unto them oft I lift mine eyes,
 That oft with tears are wet,
And through the mist they calmly rise
 Where sun no more shall set.
To me for ever grand and fair
The hills of God—my help is there !

SHALL I complain if joy go by
With summer days, and winter follow it ?
If He who gave the gladness I have known,
Shall take it from me, shall I make my moan ?
Nay ! for it is all His—the joy—the pain,
The weeping and the mirth—the buoyant breath,
Of happy toil ! the mist on weary brain,
The turmoil of our life ; the hush of death,
And neither life nor death—things near nor far,
Shall sever us from Him whose own we are.

*FOLDED HANDS.**AS GOD WILLS.*

YEARS ago I vainly fancied
God had work for me to do ;
And my foolish heart was longing
Some great proof of love to show.
Then my Father in his goodness,
(How I bless his gentle hand !)
Took from me each cherished labor,
Made me meekly wait and stand.
How my spirit chafed and fretted !
How I strove against my lot !
“Why, oh why is this ?” I murmured ;
But my Father answered not.
Only firmer still he held me
To the task he had assigned ;
Only as I vainly struggled,
Closer still my chains did bind.
Must I spend my days in silence
Waiting for my Lord to speak ?
Tend one lamb, and leave the hundred
Straying, that I yearned to seek ?
Must I waste in menial service
Gifts that might so many bless ;
Seeing others gain promotion,
Who, I felt, deserved it less ?

Yes, I must ; my Father knew it,
And in mercy did not spare :
Foolish though my heart, he loved it,
For its truest weal took care.

Oh how foolish ! now I see it,
And I wonder and adore,
Thinking of the matchless patience
That with all its folly bore.

Now no more by pride made restless,
All is easy, pleasant, light ;
Useless if he wills, I will it,
Busy if He deems it right.

Gently chastened, sweetly humbled,
Like a little child I sit ;
Happy in my lowly posture,
At my Heavenly Father's feet.

*SLEEP.*

“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

HE sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint ;
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to each complaint.

He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown so steep ;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and wornout children,
That sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing
For home and its sweet repose.
So he calls them in from their labors,
Ere the shadows about them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently !
As a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows
So tenderly on her breast.
Forgotten are now the trials
And sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppressed to-day,
Like mists that, clear in the sunlight,
Have noiselessly passed away.

Nor call, nor clamor can rouse them
From slumbers so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their trials are over,
That ours are but just begun ;
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our tired day is done !
Till then we would trust with calmness
Our souls to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.



"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more !
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth as in heaven there need be no night.

Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng about me ;
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.

Looking off unto Jesus I go not astray ;
My eyes are on him, and he shows me the way.

The path may seem dark as he leads me along ;
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus, my heart cannot fear ;
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near.
I know that his power my safeguard will be,
For, " Why are ye troubled ?" he saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When the waters of Jordan encompass me round :
Let them bear me away in his presence to be !
'Tis but seeing him nearer, whom always I see.

Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face.
I shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

IN THE SUNSET.

SOFTLY through the summer sunset
Steals the fragrance of the flowers ;
Heavy droop the honeysuckles,
Like the heath-bell after showers ;
And like strains of memory's music,
Half-remembered in the soul,
Echoes of sweet singing voices
From the distance softly roll.

In the West the angels open
Wide the gates of shining gold ;
And their drifting wings encompass
As in legend rare and old ;
Through the portal, shining downward,
Catch I glimpse of wondrous things,
And I almost hear the flutter
Of the distant spirit wings.

In the gold of life's fair sunset,
Back through misty gates of time,
Clear the bells of memory echo
With a sweet and silvery chime ;
And like tired child whose playthings
With the eve are laid apart,
Empty hands are folded calmly
O'er my weary, waiting heart.

For the golden light shines softly
O'er so many lingering years ;
Bright with sunshine, dark with sorrow,
Days of rapture, nights of tears ;
And I think the Master's angel
Not so very far away,
For I hear his rustling pinions
In the dying of the day.

Oh, my pulses move so slowly !
Is the angel almost here ?
Surely you can hear him coming,
As his shining feet draw near.
I must pass the golden gateway,
Ere it closes from the sight ;
See ! the darkness gathers closer,
Droops the curtains of the night.
I am waiting in the sunset,
For the Master's welcome call ;
I have let the earthly treasures
From my tired fingers fall ;
Lo, the white wings of the angel
Gleam across my fading sight !
Resting time is coming quickly ;
Kiss me, children, sweet Good-night.

S. B. T.

THE heart is like an instrument, whose strings
Steal magic music from life's mystic frets ;
The golden threads are spun through suffering's
fire,
Wherewith the marriage-robcs for heaven are wo-
ven ;
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE BLESSING IN THE ROD.

'T is my happiness below,
Not—to live without the cross,
But—the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new faith to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way,
Might I not with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

EXILED FROM THE SANCTUARY.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this day
 Around thine altar meet,
And tens of thousands throng to pay
 Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
 As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
 As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
 In sweet and solemn lays :
Were I among them, my glad tongue
 Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in the midst to teach,
 When on thy name we call ;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each—
 Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
 In spirit turn to thee ;
Oh, hast thou not a blessing left,
 A blessing, Lord, for me ?

The dew lies thick on all the ground ;
 Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around ;
 Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold thy prisoner ; loose my bands,
If 't is thy gracious will ;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art :
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold ;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

Oh, make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease ;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

*FOLDED HANDS.**THE KING OF GLORY.*

LEAVE my Jesus! never, never!

Ah, what can more precious be?

Rest and joy and light are ever

In his hand to give to me.

All things that can satisfy,

Having Jesus, those have I.

Spent with him, one little hour

Giveth a year's worth of gain;

Grace and peace put forth their power,

Joy doth wholly banish pain.

One faith-glance, that findeth him,

Maketh earthly crowns look dim.

Oh, how light upon my shoulder

Lies my cross, now grown so small!

For the Lord is my upholder,

Fits it to me, softens all.

Neither shall it always stay;

Patience! it will pass away.

Now he leads me wonderfully,

Day by day, through sun and rain;

Yet I know and trust him truly—

It is always for my gain.

Yes, his wonder-road indeed

Always heavenward doth lead.

Those who faithfully go forward,
In his changeless care shall go ;
Nothing doubtful or untoward
To the flock who Jesus know.
Jesus always is the same ;
True and Faithful is his name.

AS GOD LEADS.

As God leads me will I go,
Nor choose my way :
Let him choose the joy or woe
Of every day.
They cannot hurt my soul,
Because in his control ;
I leave to him the whole :
His children may.

As God leads me, I am still
Within his hand,
Though his purpose my self-will
Doth oft withstand ;
Yet I wish that none
But his will be done,
Till the end be won
That he hath planned.

FOLDED HANDS.

As God leads, I am content ;
 He will take care ;
All things by his will are sent
 That I must bear.
To him I take my fear,
My wishes while I'm here :
The way will all seem clear
 When I am there.

As God leads me, it is mine
 To follow him ;
Soon all shall wonderfully shine
 Which now seems dim ;
Fulfilled be his decree !
What he shall choose for me,
That shall my portion be,
 Up to the brim !

As God leads me, so my heart
 In faith shall rest ;
No grief nor fear my soul shall part
 From Jesus' breast.
In sweet belief I know
What way my life doth go :
Since God permitteth so,
 That must be best.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands
Until thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades ;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places—
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land—
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear
While thus encircled with thine arm ?
I never felt thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer thee ?
Where I may almost see thy face—
Surely 't is here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith hath perished in the river ;
They speak of death with fear, and weep.
Shall my soul perish ? Never ! never !

I know that thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To thee. I know thou wilt achieve
Its passage on thine outstretched wings.

I cannot see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me ;
I cannot yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee ;

But I will calmly watch and pray,
Until I hear my Saviour's voice
Calling my happy soul away
To see his glory and rejoice.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

To thee, O dear, dear country,

Mine eyes their vigils keep ;

For very love, beholding

Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,

And love and life and rest.

O one, O only mansion,

O paradise of joy,

Where tears are ever banished,

And joys have no alloy.

Beside thy living waters

All plants are, great and small—

The cedar of the forest,

The hyssop on the wall.

Thy ageless walls are bounded

With amethyst unpriced,

The saints build up its fabric,

And the cornerstone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ;

Thou hast no time, bright day ;

Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away !

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, beneath their Leader
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

OLD LATIN HYMN

"I HOLD STILL."

PAIN's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart all heated

On the fair anvil, minded so

Into his own fair shape to beat it

With his great hammer, blow on blow :

And yet I whisper, "As God will!"

And at his heaviest blows stand still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;

The sparks fly off at every blow ;

He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,

And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;

And yet I whisper, "As God will!"

And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow

Thus only longer-lived would be ;

His end may come, and will, to-morrow,

When God has done his work in me ;

So I say, trusting, "As God will!"

And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely

Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,

And all his heaviest blows are surely

Inflicted by a master-hand ;

So I say, praying, "As God will!"

And hope in him, and suffer still.

THE ETERNAL REFUGE.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within,
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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SERVING AND RESTING.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at his feet ;
The waiting attitude of expectation,
He oft-times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,
That he some sweetest secret may impart ;
'T is always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds truest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call *work* can find an entrance,
Where's only room to suffer—to endure !

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in
stillness,

Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see!
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
As much as for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service where 't is given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed,
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to *such* he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatsoe'er he bids thee!
Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!
'T will matter little by what path he led us,
If in it all we sought to do his will!

H. W. B., IN "WORDS OF FAITH."

THOU, O most compassionate,
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain—

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant us each thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence ;

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit
Whispering by its open door,
“ Fear not, He hath gone before.”

J. G. WHITTIER.

MY TRUST.

I KNOW not if the Lord will grant
The things I long for most,
Or if the hope most dear to me
Must be for ever lost ;
Or if he deems it best fulfilled
Only at bitter cost.

Perhaps the way he may appoint
Is one I would not choose,
Where I cannot employ the powers
I most desire to use ;
The thing he takes from me may be
The hardest thing to lose.

He may deny my eager hands,
The work they long to do,
Or take from them some loved employ
Which each day dearer grew,
And give them in its place a task,
Hard and unwholesome, too.

The toils that come to me may seem
The hardest ones to bear,
The griefs and losses that he sends
Their saddest forms may wear,
And when I long the most for rest
May come the heaviest care.

But this one thing I know ; thus far
The eye of faith can see ;
The path in which he leads my steps
Is just the best for me ;
The one which I might choose to walk
Might not the happiest be.

And if he takes away the joys
Whose value seems so high,
And the dear hopes I cherish now
Withered before me lie,
I know the hopes that he will give
Can never fade or die.

I know the task that he appoints
Will not too irksome prove,
For when the labor is for him,
The strength comes from above ;
And the tired fingers will not fail,
When guided by his love.

The toils and griefs he sends may be
But blessings in disguise ;
His grace can make the sweetest joys
From bitterest sorrows rise ;
We see more clearly oft through tears,
Than we can with undimmed eyes.

So I go on, not knowing what
May in my future be ;
I leave it all with my dear Lord,
Accepting patiently
Whate'er he sends of joy or grief,
Sure 't is the best for me.

HELEN B. ADAMS.

BACK TO LIFE.

The first pale flowers of tender spring
Had drunk the early dew,
The birds with gold and purple wing
Sung love songs fond and true.

And June, with roses in her hair,
And sunshine flashing through,
Danced o'er the hills with steps so rare,
The blossoms burst and grew.

But sunshine warm and fragrant breath
Brought strength to all but me :
Weary, I lay and talked with death,
Glad, fearful to be free.

The world seemed drifting far away ;
Its joys I did not love ;
The morning of a brighter day
Shone on me from above.

I trusted Him who giveth rest,
And prayed, " Thy will be done !"
And he hath seen it is not best
I go at early noon :

For now, when autumn's purple wings
Are spread o'er hill and tree,
A healing draught some spirit brings,
And life comes back to me ;

Life shorn of strength and mixed with pain,
Yet life for love and duty,
With heart to throb and glow again
At earth's supernal beauty.

Thou who in love hast sent to me
Healing on autumn's wing,
My broken heart, an offering free,
Contrite to thee I bring.

JULIA TOLMAN INGERSOLL.

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not. All the way
Is night. With Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm one prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee.
Thy will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line
We trace thy picture's wise design,

And thank thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice,

Thy will be done !

And if in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine we press ;
If, from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,

Thy will be done !

Strike—thou the Master, we thy keys—
The anthem of our destinies !
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,

Thy will be done !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

NOT AS I WILL.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope ;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,

By some great power, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purposes to fulfil.

“Not as I will.”

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road ;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long !
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still.

“Not as I will.”

“Not as I will,” the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
“Not as I will ;” the darkness feels
More safe than light, when that thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
“Not as I will,” because the One
Who loves us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil.

“Not as I will.”

HELEN HUNT.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

Is this the peace of God, this strange, sweet calm ?
The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed,
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd ;
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear and gloom and doubt in mighty flood
rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,
Nor strength to flee ; my present, future, past,
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin, I cast,
In utter helplessness, at Jesus' feet,
Then bent before the storm, if such his will ;
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered,
"Peace, be still !"

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
That thou to help and save art truly near ;
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear

And all distress? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But leaning on thine arm I dread its weight no
more.

Is it indeed thy peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim thy peace. But thou hast
died:

I know that this is true, and true for me,
And knowing it, I come and cast my all on thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but thou
Wilt be my strength. It is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love in thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough! And now
All fluttering thought is stilled: I only rest
And feel that thou art near, and know that I am
blest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I do not ask that God shall always make
My pathway light,
I only pray that He will hold my hand
Throughout the night.

I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet,
I only ask to find his blessed arms
My safe retreat.

*"WE CANNOT BE MENDED UNLESS WE ARE
BROKEN."*

JESUS our tears with blessed smiles are blending,
For thou, who knowest how our hearts to break,
Knowest the happy secret of their mending,
And we rejoice in sorrow for thy sake.

Yes, break us all to pieces at thy pleasure,
For the poor fragments can be joined by thee ;
Snatch from us, if thou wilt, our every treasure,
Possessing thee we never poor can be.

There is a sweetness in a spirit broken,
That lofty souls attain not, cannot know ;
To such a heart thy promises are spoken,*
Thou hast a solace for its silent woe.

And when our weary days on earth are ended,
And from its agitations we are free,
We shall rejoice that we were broken, mended,
By thine own skillful hand, dear Lord, by thee !

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

* Psa. 51 : 17.

LONGINGS.

I'm longing for the music ! Yet I make so sad a
jar !

My soul would strike some full sweet chord, but oh,
the flesh doth mar :

I'm weary of this battling, I'd almost be asleep,
Just asking, like a little child, the Lord my soul to
keep.

I'm longing for the music ! No human heart may
know

The grief to bring the discords while yet I'm long-
ing so :

They think I choose the rough rude notes, but He
who string the lyre

Knows better through the jangling notes the spirit's
true desire.

I'm longing for the music ! I'm glad when others
raise

The triumph note in suffering, in pain the voice of
praise :

I'm glad, yet listen weeping, as I hear my discords
through ;

Can I so love the sweetness, and not long to bring
it too ?

I'm longing for the music! O angels of his
heaven,

Lean low, and let your notes float down; ye know
when souls have striven.

I'm longing for the music! Oh, soothe this aching
pain,

Bend low in love and pity, and let me catch your
strain.

I'm longing for the music! Must I always fail
and miss?

O Father, in thine other world let it not be like this!
When death the shattered instrument shall break,
oh, give me one

With all the melody of heaven attuned in unison.

I'm longing for the music! E'en here, before I die,
If it may be thy will I fain would strike one melody:
Faltering and faint though it might be, weak with
the sickness long,

Yet, with no jarring, spoiling note, oh, might I
raise one song!

I'm longing for the music! But God, thou know-
est best;

And yet it seems beyond the strength thou dost
the spirit test;

The clouds are thick, the night is dark, the storm
is sweeping wild,

Helpless and stunned and sick I lie ; Father, lose
not thy child !

I'm longing for the music ! Through all the rage
and roar,

I stumble on unknowing still, if thou be near or far,
Speak through the discord, voice of Christ ! utter
thy " Peace, be still !"

Help me to raise one low sweet note, the " Blessed
be thy will !"

KATE MONTGOMERY.

THE COAT OF MANY COLORS. Gen. 37 : 3.

My life is like that garment strange
The patriarch Jacob made,
With many a piece and many a change
Of brightness and of shade.

A parent's work of love and care,
By deep affection planned ;
The fairest robe a child can wear,
Made by a father's hand.

And strangely Joseph's gentle youth,
And life's unfolding maze,
Were ordered by that God of truth
Who portioned out his days.

Far from his home, in scenes of strife,
No storms his faith could move ;
Patient he trod that path in life
Traced out for him in love.

For me life's many-colored scene
Is in wise order laid ;
Bright spots of gladness come between,
Dark days and hours of shade.

And not one bit of brightness there,
But God my Father knows ;
And the same hand, in days of care
Hath measured out my woes.

And side by side, with perfect skill,
He fits each part for me,
Nor asks he when my wayward will
Would like each part to be.

But none forgot or wrongly placed
Eternity will show,
When there, unravelled and retraced,
Are all these years below.

O Lord, increase our faith to feel
"Our times are in thy hand ;"
Be thou our guide through woe or weal,
Safe to the better land.

AN OLD HYMN.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful ;
Be still :

What God hath ordered must be right ;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart ?

One watches all with care most true ;
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast—never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest ;

Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee :
The best.

PAUL FLEMING.

REST OF THE WEARY.

JESUS, thou rest of the weary,
Rest of my spirit thou art ;
Jesus, thou hope of the dreary,
Thou art the hope of my heart.

Is not thy tenderness proven,
True to the breath of a sigh ?
Thou, taking note of the raven,
Wilt not my pleading deny.

Ravens and sparrows before thee
Freely thy bounty receive ;
And as I kneel and adore thee,
Need I but ask and believe ?

What if my morn rose in sadness,
Noon was beclouded with fears,
Shall not the bow of thy gladness
Brighten my evening of tears ?

Jesus, my soul in its sorrow
Clings to thy love as its stay ;
God will take care of to-morrow ;
Thou art my trust for to-day.

E. L. E.

SAVE, LORD, OR I PERISH.

At thy blest feet, dear Saviour, low I kneel,
While foaming billows roar and surge around,
And break in fury o'er my sinking head.
My day goes down in gloom profound and dense ;
Stretch forth thy hand and save me, else I die.

Speak but one word to me, O Presence bright,
And light, and life, and love shall be infused
Eternally throughout my gladdened soul ;
And evermore thy glory will I sing,
Till from this stormy sea I take my flight,
And find a glorious resting-place with thee.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

REST.

O PRECIOUS Rest that follows pain,
Unutterably sweet art thou !
Whose presence soft, again, again,
Has sealed with peace my aching brow.
From some divinest realm above,
With noiseless wing, thou drawest near,
And out of vials filled with love
Dost pour a balm of tender cheer.
We shrink away from dreary Pain ;
Yet she it is who flings the gates
Apart for thee ! In vain, in vain,
Without such help thy blessing waits.
Thy sandalled foot of velvet tread,
Thy pliant gown of fleecy fall,
Thy breath of silence round my bed—
These, save for Pain, were forfeit all !

Alone by darkening shades we know
The glory of the vanished light;
The morning glows with richer glow,
Just loosened from the clasp of night.

O Rest, thou angel born of pain!
O Night, that yieldeth day to bless!
O Faith, with doubtings in thy train,
By raptured sight made questionless!

Thank God, it is not ours to choose
And idly hold what seemeth best;
The pain, the doubt, the dark refuse,
And miss the hallowed touch of rest.

MARY B. DODGE.

*AFFLICTION.*

As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound—
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound;

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield ;
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;
Would you have its strength revealed ?
Cast the incense in the fire !

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;
And through suffering, toil, and pain,
Heavenly incense is distilled.

JESUS, HELP CONQUER.

JESUS, help conquer !
My spirit is sinking,
Deep waters of sorrow go over my head ;
Weeping and trembling,
And fearing and shrinking,
I watch for the day, and night cometh instead !
Bitter the cup
I am hourly drinking :
How thorny the path that I hourly tread !

Jesus, help conquer !
For, fainting and weary,
Scarcely my hands can their weapons sustain ;
The way seems so desolate,
Painful, and dreary,

How shall I ever to heaven attain?
Jesus, great Captain,
If thou be not near me,
How shall I ever the victory gain?

Jesus, help conquer!
Earth holds out her lure,
And mortal affections yearn after the prize;
Scarcely my heart
Can the struggle endure,
Scarce can I lift up my tear-blinded eyes.
Jesus, Redeemer,
Thy promise is sure;
Speak to my spirit, and bid me arise.

Jesus, help conquer!
There is not an hour
Of sorrow or joy but is ordered by thee;
Thou dost cut down
Who hast planted the flower:
Tempest or calm at thy bidding shall be.
Look on my sorrow,
And give me the power
Humbly to wait till thou comfortest me.

Jesus, help conquer!
Lord, turn not away!

See with what power the billows increase !
Give me thy love
For my comfort and stay,
Then shall my trembling and murmuring cease,
Then shall my spirit
Grow strong for the fray,
Then shall my weary heart rest in thy peace.

Jesus, help conquer !
I cry unto thee !
Hardly my heart its petitions can frame ;
All is so dark
And so painful to me,
All I can utter sometimes is thy name.
Jesus, help conquer !
My portion now be,
Though all else should change, be thou ever the
same !



TEARS.

Is it rainy, little flower ?
Be glad of rain :
Too much sun would wither thee ;
'T will shine again :
The clouds are very black, 't is true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

FOLDED HANDS.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain ;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

JESUS IS MINE.

PASS away, earthly joy,
Jesus is mine !
Break every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine !
Dark is the wilderness,
Distant the resting-place ;
Jesus alone can bless !
Jesus is mine !

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine !
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine !
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away ;
Jesus is mine !

Fare ye well, dreams of night,

Jesus is mine !

Mine is a dawning bright,

Jesus is mine !

All that my soul has tried

Left but a dismal void ;

Jesus has satisfied ;

Jesus is mine !

Farewell, mortality,

Jesus is mine !

Welcome, eternity,

Jesus is mine !

Welcome a Saviour's breast,

Welcome, ye scenes of rest,

Welcome, ye mansions blest !

Jesus is mine !

*THE HAVEN OF REST.*

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing

From this dark vale of tears,

To heavenly joy and freedom,

From earthly bonds and fears,

Where Christ our Lord shall gather

All his redeemed again,

His kingdom to inherit :

Good-night, till then !

Go to thy quiet resting,
 Poor tenement of clay !
From all thy pain and weakness
 I gladly haste away ;
But still in faith confiding
 To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal,
 Good-night, till then !

Why thus so sadly weeping,
 Beloved ones of my heart ?
The Lord is good and gracious,
 Though now he bids us part,
Oft have we met in gladness,
 And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us ;
 Good-night, till then !

I go to see His glory
 Whom we have loved below ;
I go, the blessed angels,
 The holy saints to know ;
Our lovely ones departed
 I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us :
 Good-night, till then !

I hear the Saviour calling—
The joyful hour has come;
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ the Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit:
Good-night, till then!

TO-MORROW.

I sit in the sunlight or shade of to-day;
The gladness or gloom I can see,
And smile that the morrow, come on as it may,
Is never revealed unto me.
If bright with the sparkle of beauty and bliss,
Not knowing each sweetness endears;
If dark with a sorrow that chastens my peace,
It shows soon enough for my tears.
I look down the pathway of years that have fled,
And mark where the mercies are strown;
I had walked with the living, and looked at the dead,
But for morrows that waited unknown;
I had wasted beforehand with loss and defeat,
For the spirit will falter and sink,
When a chaos of anguish rolls toward the feet,
And life presses on to the brink.

I glance up the vista of years that may be,
As heights that my weakness may climb,
And joy that its visions are darkened to me,
To be only revealed in their time.

As a book whose next page is safe folded and
sealed,
Till the lesson of this has been learned,
I pass to a morrow that is not revealed
Till the leaf of to-day has been turned.

I ask for no token. I wait as I must;
Thank God that my eyes are so dim!
'T would rob this poor life of some sweetness of
trust

To look in the future with Him.
I'd rather be blind with His word for repose—
"Thy strength as thy day shall unfold"—
Than see the great seals of His knowledge un-
close,
And the scroll of my future unrolled.



A RAVELLED rainbow overhead
Lets down to life its varying thread:
Love's blue, joy's gold, and fair between
Hope's shining rift of emerald green:

And on each side, in deep relief,
A crimson pain, a violet grief !
Wouldst thou, amid their gleaming hues,
Clutch after these, and those refuse ?
Believe, as thy beseeching eyes
Follow their lines, and sound the skies,
There, where the fadeless glories shine,
An unseen angel twists the twine ;
And be thou sure what tint soc'er,
The sunshine's broken rays may wear,
It needs them all, that broad and white
God's love may weave the perfect light !

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.



PEACEABLE FRUIT—AFTERWARD.

WHAT shall thine “afterward” be, O Lord,
For this dark and suffering night ?
Father, what shall thine “afterward” be ?
Hast thou a morning joy for me,
And a new and joyous light ?

What shall thine “afterward” be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay ?
Wilt thou turn it to some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away ?

What shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain ?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love ?
Shall this be my lasting gain ?

What shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
How long must thy child endure ?
Thou knowest ! 't is well that I know it not !
Thine "afterward" cometh ; I cannot tell what,
But I know that thy word is sure.

What shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord ?
I wonder and wait to see ;
While to thy chastening hand I bow,
That "peaceable fruit" may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for me !

THUS ONLY.

I SHOULD not dare, dear Lord, to say
I choose thy will o'er all my way ;
Yet would I dare or choose to pray,
Thus only, " Let thy will be done !"
Sometimes thy will is all so sweet,
I lay my choice down at thy feet,
Sufficed life's varied ills to meet,
Thus only, " Let thy will be done !"

And then my will, grown bold and strong,
Forgets in some fresh stress of wrong
The cry that was both prayer and song—

Thus only, "Let thy will be done!"

Thou turn'st and look'st upon me; so
I grieve like Peter, while I go
And plead in sorrow's overflow,

Thus only, "Let thy will be done!"

I say, If this my will shall be,
Or if 't is not, still pleasing thee,
Carry my will and carry me,

Thus only, "Let thy will be done!"

Lead thou my steps; my eyes are blind;
Rule thou my moods, perverse or kind,
Thus I entreat with heart and mind;

Thus only, "Let thy will be done!"

E. L. E.

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what shall befall me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And thus, each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year ;
But the past is in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be he keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh restful, blissful ignorance !
'T is blessed not to know ;
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing ;
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose ;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, " He knows !"

MISS M. G. BRAINARD.

IN THE SHADOWS.

OH lonely heart,
Among the gay and careless ones
Who pass thee by with gladsome tones,
Hast thou no part,
Except to breathe thy burdened sigh,
And lift thy plaintive prayer on high?

The violet,
Which thou hast crushed beneath thy feet,
Still yieldeth up its incense sweet ;
And thou may'st yet

Find perfume in the desert air,
Though only blighted buds be there.

Then weave thee now,
Even amid earth's shaded bowers,
A garland of hope's blooming flowers;
And on thy brow
Wear the fair wreath till it shall bear
Many a bright-hued blossom there.

Dost thou still yearn
For some heart-echo like thine own,
Some wandering note of gentle tone
Which thou may'st learn,
And tune to music's sweetest lay,
To chase thy spirit's grief away?

Then list to hear
The carols in life's holy psalm,
That fill the heart with heavenly calm,
And to thine ear
In soothing cadences shall bring
The notes that God's own angels sing.

And when life's done,
When sighs and tears come nevermore,
In raptured strains shalt thou adore
That Holy One

Who led thy oft desponding soul
Up where his glorious anthems roll.

—♦—
ADA EVELYN.

JESUS, CONSOLATOR.

JESUS, when our hearts are aching,
And our burdens sorely press ;
Jesus, when our strength is breaking
Under life's long bitterness,
Who can comfort as we languish,
Weary with the constant strain,
Like the Lord, whom human anguish
Crushed beneath its weight of pain ?

Jesus, when the light is fading,
And the nightfall comes apace ;
When the clouds of gloom are shading
E'en the brightness of thy face ;
When we feel thee not beside us,
Though by all thy mercy blest,
Touch our eyes, in wisdom guide us,
Give us in thy love to rest.

Jesus, when the world-cares thronging
Fill our swiftly-passing days,
When thy sweetness we are wronging
With our faint, half-hearted praise,

Oh, forgive ; in soft compassion
Draw us to thyself once more ;
By the memory of thy passion
Chide our coldness, we implore.

Jesus, when our dear ones leave us,
Borne in angel arms to thee,
Let it not too deeply grieve us,
Since thy countenance they see ;
Who from thee our souls shall sever,
What from thee our love divide ?
Thine to-day, and thine for ever,
Christ that liveth, Christ that died.

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

LIFE'S LOT.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day or night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth,
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billows' might :
I shall not fall ;
If sharp, 't is short ; if long, 't is light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land :
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss. DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

HE is my Shepherd, I his sheep :
I do not want to know
Whether the way be soft or steep
By which I am to go.

If green and smooth the mountains be,
I need not ask for more ;
If stony, he will carry me,
As he has done before.

He is my Shepherd, I his sheep :
We travel onward still,
By pools where water-lilies sleep,
By many a quiet hill ;
I feed in many a grassy dell,
I drink the waters clear ;
The gracious voice I know so well
Is music to my ear.

He is my Shepherd, I his sheep ;
I wandered once, I know ;
I heard him on the mountains weep
That I should leave him so.
I trembled as I faintly guessed,
A sorrow so divine,
For, as he clasped me to his breast,
The blood gushed forth on mine.

He is my Shepherd, I his sheep :
And what if death be near ?
The shadows up the valley creep,
And yet I do not fear ;

As closer to his side I cling,
I feel the cross so true,
With which his love was pledged to bring,
And safe has brought me through.

He is my Shepherd, I his sheep :
We journey on and on ;
At last the smile upon his lips
Shall tell me all is won.
The table that he spreads for me
My foes shall all behold,
And in these trembling fingers see
His cup of royal gold.

The cup he put so gently by,
When death was drawing near,
He freely fills for such as I,
And tells me not to fear.
And for those funeral odors shed
Upon his dying brow,
He pours the oil of joy instead
On each disciple now.

Shepherd ! Good Shepherd ! turn and see !
I follow far behind ;
Thy voice of mercy calling me
Comes borne on every wind.

Set wide thy Father's open door,
That I the light may see,
And in his house for evermore
At last abide with thee.

*A QUIET MIND.*

"My peace I give unto you." John 14:27.

I HAVE a treasure which I prize ;
Its like I cannot find :
There's naught resembles it on earth,
'T is this—a quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross,
And there to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life
To give it were designed ;
His loves the never-failing spring,
Of this, my quiet mind.

The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind ;
This is the peace of heaven on earth,
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind ;
But present troubles move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross
I never seek to find ;
My Saviour says, " Leave that to me,"
And keep my quiet mind.

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow those
Who have this quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see my Lord,
Who's been to me so kind,
I want to thank Him face to face
For this my quiet mind.



THY WILL.

My God ! my Father ! while I stray
Far from my home on life's dull way,
Oh, teach me from my soul to say,
" Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, yet ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine :
 "Thy will be done."

Should pining sickness take away
My life in premature decay,
Oh, help me from my soul to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done."

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before ;
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done."

*HEAVEN.*

Oh, to be there,
Where never tears of sorrow
Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care
Shall overcloud our morrow !
Oh, to be there !

O lovely home!
Thy fragrant, thornless flowers
Droop not, nor die, but everlasting bloom
Crowns all thy golden hours;
O lovely home!

Oh, let me go!
Death shall not there dis sever
Our loving hearts. Rivers of pleasures flow
At God's right hand for ever:
Oh, let me go!

For thou art there,
Who unto me hast given
Eternal life, making me pure and fair;
And this to me is heaven,
For thou art there.

LIGHT BEYOND.

BEYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul, thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heartsick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning
And thy fair home above.

Oh it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,
The Sabbath morn come on ;
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished ! all the conflict and the sorrow,
Earth's dream of anguish o'er ;
Deathless then dawns for thee a nightless morrow
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience ! then patience ! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shalt *know* hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,
His darkest dealings trace ;
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee
Behold Him face to face !



“TILL HE COME.”

“TILL He come,” oh ! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast ?
All our life-joy overcast ?
Hush ! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
Would we have our sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,
Sweet memorials till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board :
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

'MID the great desert desolate and bare
The lonely palm-tree stands,
His green head wrapped in summer's burning air,
His feet in swathing sands.

No meadow-brook makes cool his weary feet,
His head no summer rains,
Nor nightly dew renews the nectar sweet,
Health in the fevered veins.

Yet strong and full the streams of life ascend
To every stem and blade,
And wayworn wanderers bless their desert friend
Beneath his bounteous shade.

For 'neath the burning sand in darkness deep
Dwells the fresh, cooling spring,
And from its rocky chambers silent creeps,
Perennial life to bring.

O soul of mine, aweary with the heat
And burden of the day,
Fevered with dreams of fountains cool and sweet
In valleys far away ;

Faint not, the river of the life of God
No drought nor failure knows ;
And 'neath the surface of each pilgrim road
A healing current flows.

Because He liveth, thou, O soul, shalt live ;
Thy life is hid with Him ;
He fainteth not, and from his strength will give
Power when thine eye is dim.

Haply thy life, from unseen fountains flowing,
A blessing may be made,
And tender plants beneath thy shelter growing
May find a cooling shade. E. T.

VINEYARD LABORERS.

TOILING among the vines one day,
In the Master's vineyard sweet,
I saw my sister bow her head
'Neath the burden and the heat.

She was not weary of working,
For she loved the Master well ;
And she thought of the blessed hour
When the shades of evening fell.

She portioned a task out bravely,
And thought "He would have it so ;"
Then the Master stood beside her,
And his voice was soft and low.

"I have not need of thee to-day
In the vineyard so fair and sweet ;"
And she whispered low, "My Master !
Let him do what seemeth meet."

But her heart was sad and heavy,
As she left her work that day;
She knew not where she was going,
Or aught of that untried way.

He led her forth to the desert,
And he spoke to her of rest;
Then she smiled, and whispered gladly,
“O Master, thy way is best.”

The burning blast of the desert
Made her quiver and start with pain;
She looked in his face for comfort,
Nor shrank from that dreary plain.

I watch for my sister sadly;
Will she come again to me?
He hath said that where he dwelleth,
There shall his servant be.

Perhaps he will bring her, rested
And meet for some higher toil,
To work once more in the vineyard,
Or reap the fruit of the soil.

But perhaps he will lead her onward,
To his glory and his rest;
I know she will smile and whisper,
“Master, thy way is best!”

"WHAT IS PATIENCE?"

A little Scotch girl, on being asked by her Sabbath-school teacher, "What is patience?" replied, "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

"WAIT a wee ;" poor heart, be still ;
Know it is thy Father's will ;
Throbbing, aching, doubting, weeping,
Safe within his care unsleeping,
Though the day dawn cold and dreary,
"Wait a wee, and dinna weary !"

"Wait a wee ;" though scarcely soon
Sunshine breaks in perfect noon ;
Hope may linger, clouds may hover
All the earthly landscape over ;
But though eve falls dim and teary,
Wait for morn, and dinna weary !

"Wait a wee ;" the patient God
Waits the slowly blooming sod ;
Waits the harvest from the flowering ;
Waits the year's most full maturing ;
Thou may'st through his year be cheery,
Wait with God, and never weary !

"Wait a wee ;" though long it seems,
Measured by thy pains or dreams ;

Thou art but a mote of being
In the eye of the All-seeing ;
Though so weak, and sad, and dreary,
His is love that cannot weary.

Wait for God, his ways are sure ;
Sorrow shall not aye endure ;
Stands the promise still unshaken :
Thou shalt never be forsaken ;
Days will shine that are not dreary ;
Wait for God, and dinna weary.

E. L. E.

“NOT AS OUR WAYS.”

THE spring hath birds, however late,
And June must bring her roses
To faintest hearts, that trustful wait
For what God's love discloses.

We look along the shining ways
To see the angels' faces ;
They come to us in darkest days,
And in the bleakest places.

We learn our weakness of our pride,
Our strength from out our weakness ;
Sweet patience gives, for gifts denied,
The greater gift of meekness.

The strongest hearts have strongest need ;
For them the fiery trial :
Who walks a saint in word and deed
Is saint by self-denial.

We ask of God the sunniest way :
He answers with a sorrow ;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.



"IN HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE."

"In hope of eternal life," O soul,
What matter is earth's despair ?
Its thorns of sorrow, its cross of pain,
Its burdens of crushing care ?
"In hope of eternal life," we look
Up to the clear, blue heaven ;
Through tears that gather in mortal eyes
Immortal ken is given.

"In hope of eternal life," we bow
To the tempest that wild doth beat ;
The grand *Te Deum* of praise on high
Through its pauses sounds most sweet ;

The voice that in echo to that strain
Sings faint through the storm and night,
Its compass of full angelic power
Shall find with the morning light.

“In hope of eternal life” serene,
No cloud hath a bolt to slay ;
No mists shall rise, but shall backward roll
At a gleam of that perfect day.

“In hope of eternal life,” we walk
Through the shadowy vales of time ;
While the wings of the spirit ascend, and gain
The eternal heights sublime,

Where we shall stand, when the mystic touch
Of death anoints the eye ;
And earth with her cloudy atmosphere
Like a dream of the night fleets by ;
It is but the shade create of God
To show heaven’s wondrous light ;
That day its perfectness doth win
From these brief hours of night.

“In hope of eternal life,” O soul,
With thy weak mortality now,
Be patient, nor chafe against its bars ;
To its fetters in meekness bow ;

For the glorious freedom that shall come,
Content thee now to be bound,
Till the Master's hand strike off thy chains,
And thy feet touch heavenly ground.

KATE MONTGOMERY.

*THE CROSS IN THE PLAN.*

I HEARD of a quaint old story
In a far away Eastern land,
Of a mosque of Mohammed that rises
Not far from the sloping strand.

There, bowed in his chains, lay a captive,
Who had come from a northern town,
Where the sun that runs low in the winter
Shines cold on the frozen ground.

Rare powers he had at building :
For the forest, so grand and wild,
He could shape again in the marble,
Trunk, foliage, arch, and aisle.

They offered the slave his freedom,
With a pass to the Northern land,
If a mosque to Mohammed he builded
To tower above the strand.

He planned in the stone right grandly,
And he wrought for his life—that man !
But they saw in the beautiful outline
The *cross* he had dared to plan.

They mockingly gave the ransom :
Out of fetters his soul was sent,
From the land of this fiery summer ;
But death was the way he went.

He left for us all a lesson :
To whatever you put your hand,
Be it bearing, or doing, or waiting,
The *CROSS*—let it mark the plan.

In patient endurance be Christ-like,
In your trials, and pains, and loss,
That all who look at your living,
May see in your life the Cross.

EDWARD BOND.



PATIENCE.

OH, not in hopeless calm of grief
The heart of nature lies ;
She knows by signs of sky and leaf
How soon her dead shall rise.

With prophet-heart she antedates
The perfect days of Spring :
"Faith worketh patience," and she waits
The bounty they shall bring.

Oh, wiser are her birds and flowers,
And braver far than I ;
I find no song to cheer the hours
That roll so slowly by.

With smile that checks the rising sigh,
With heavenward-reaching hands,
Hope's anchor, and Faith's lifted eye,
The angel, Patience, stands.

Her gift is not a bitter calm—
No stillness of despair ;
The last kind angel with the palm
Could scarcely be more fair.

"Wait, wait," she says, "God's Spring is sure
To come with leaves and flowers :
He gives the glad For evermore
For these few trial-hours."

Oh, joyfully my time I wait ;
My feet this path shall tread,
As if within the Golden Gate
By shining angels led.

Oh, hopefully my heart shall beat,
As cheerful songs to raise,
As where the thousand thousand meet
In willing work of praise!

Not in dumb silence to endure—
I ask a gladder part,
I know my patience standeth sure
While hope is in my heart.

Oh, give me with the birds to sing
Above all fear and doubt,
My heart shall keep its fadeless Spring,
Though Winter rage without.

CARL SPENCER.



“NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE.”

Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small;
But only thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield thee this, I yield my all.

Hidden therein, thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love, or am, or fain would be,
Deep love, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it had none.
Now from thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
Its prayer ascendeth, "Let thy will be done."
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in thine own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cry prevail,
And thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not keep or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will, may find it thine.

*"WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR
LIFE."*

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears; but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that maybe a psalm 'll come by-and-by."

EDWARD GARRETT.

WHEN the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end,
That first sweet song of the heart,
That no after days can lend—

The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself,
When it wakes in life's morning hours.

You can start no other song,
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air ;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled ;
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings ;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings :
A grand and glorious psalm,
That will tremble and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearning still.

A FIRST SORROW.

ARISE ! this day shall shine,
For evermore,
To thee a star divine
On time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul hath been
All glad and gay ;
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day !

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun :
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run.

But now the stream has reached
A dark dim sea,
And sorrow dim and crowned
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine ;
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine !

To each anointed priest
The summons came ;
O soul, He speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.

Then with slow reverent step
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days
Thou must depart ;

FOLDED HANDS.

And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Rise up thine eyes—be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THANKS FOR PAIN.

O LOVELY legend of the song,
Death-taught unto the silent swan,
Of silvery mystery breaking forth
From virgin throat at blush of dawn.

Yet rarer far than this the tones
From that strange lyre best strung by pain,
Men call the soul, when one dread hand
Strikes chords that long have waiting lain.

Some souls, high-strung and all untried,
It smiteth strongly for their good :
Not till the artist's theme is played,
Is all the context understood !

On its last notes shall soar the soul ;
So perfectness shall come at last.
How sweet that close is I shall know,
When these sharp strains are overpast.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE THORN AND THE CROSS.

2 Cor. 12 : 7. Luke 14 : 27.

THE thorn is very sharp, O righteous Master !
The flesh is weak,
And drops of blood and blinding tears fall faster
Than I can speak !
Ah ! deeply in my bosom it is driven
To rend and tear ;
Pierced by the rugged cross that thou hast given
For us to bear.

I could endure the thorn, though fiercely galling,
If that were all :
Or bear the cross without a fear of falling,
Yea, count it small,
If I could only bear it on my shoulder,
And not my breast,
Where goads the thorn ; my heart would then grow
bolder,
Blest with such rest.

I had borne either, singly ; both united
Have vanquished me !
I prostrate lie, oppressed, distressed, benighted,
And cry to Thee !
O Jesus ! place thy hand beneath the burden
A little while :
Or soothe the wound by that all-healing guerdon,
A Saviour's smile.

He comes—he lifts—he soothes ! A little longer,
I plod my way,
His gracious strength has made my sad soul stronger,
To last the day.
But cross and thorn will tempt until the closing
Of mortal life ;
And I shall show, although in heaven reposing,
The scars of strife.

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.



OUR HIGH PRIEST.

HEB. 4 : 15.

“ TOUCHED with the feeling of our need ! ”
My sad eyes weep for joy indeed :
For else, in all this round of pain,
How could they look on joy again ?

Sad and cast down : O great High Priest,
Thou feelest what I feel the least ;
And how much more this sore distress
That yearns so for thy tenderness.

As once of old thy gracious touch
Was laid for healing upon such,
So let me nearer press like them,
And reach and kiss thy garment's hem.

I am so sick—oh, let me feel
One moment thy sweet will to heal ;
I am so tired—oh let me rest
Childlike upon thy loving breast.

My heart is bruised with sorrow : see,
O Christ, how deep its wound may be ;
Its want no other good can fill,
Its cry no other voice may still.

For Thou all human griefs hast known,
Hast trod earth's weariest paths alone :
Hast loved and wept—by love denied,
And for thy love been crucified.

Made perfect in thine office so,
By each temptation, every woe
Thou art thyself of pain the balm,
And to the waves of sorrow calm.

Touched with the feeling of my need,
 O Saviour, be my priest indeed !
 Come near, while life grows dim and still,
 And show thyself the healer still. E. L. E.



THE best will is our Father's will,
 And we may rest there, calm and still :
 O make it hour by hour thine own,
 And wish for naught but that alone
 Which pleases God. GERHARDT.



THE PROMISES.

OH, golden lamps that God doth pitying loan us,
 Whence streams the light that guides us on our
 way ;
 To catch the wandering eye, to suit the dim ones,
 See how his love doth differing tinge the ray.

Hear, "As your day your strength shall be!" ye
 timid,
 Shrinking from what the future years may bring ;
 When gathering shades of care and grief appall
 you,
 Its reassuring ray this lamp shall fling.

“They shall mount up as eagles!” O ye weary,
Drooping, and fainting with so low a flight,
And lost ’mid clouds, see here what glory shineth ;
Ye yet shall reach those heavens hid from sight.

“I will send Him—the Comforter!” Come, throng-
ing mourners,
And stand in the full beams of Bethlehem’s star ;
And ah, how thin the shadows grow beneath them,
Until the morning seemeth not so far.

“Lo, I am with you alway !” List, ye lone ones,
Whose cross is very heavy to be borne ;
Who stretch your bleeding hands for hands to bind
them,
And cry in vain for love to draw the thorn,

How love doth draw it—Father’s love and Brother’s,
Love of the Friend who wept at Mary’s side ;
Take up the burden which He lifteth with you,
Behold ! no more the ’companying angels hide.

He doth not light us sparsely in the darkness,
Nor at long distances his lamps hang out ;
He is a Father, watchful for his children,
He would not have them grope ’mid snares about.

These flashing stars lie thick—a rich mosaic
Along his word, where whoso seeks may find ;
Ah, “seek and ye shall find ;” this central promise
In shining zodiac all the rest doth bind.

KATE MONTGOMERY.



SORROW A FRIEND.

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her
“Grief will pass away ;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.”
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain :
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
“Soon you will forget ;”
For a lesson quick forgotten
Is a sad regret :
Bid her not, “Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things ;”
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her look up bravely,
And the stranger greet,
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings,
Listening for the murmured blessings
Sorrow always brings.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

WISE WEEPING.

TEARS are not always fruitful ; their hot drops
Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye :
Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

Oh, better not to weep than weep amiss,
For hard it is to learn to weep aright—
To weep wise tears, the tears which heal and bless,
The tears which their own bitterness requite.

Oh, better not to weep than waste our woe :
To fling away the spirit's finest gold ;
To lose, not gain, by sorrow ; to o'erflow
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

To shed our tears as trees their blossoms shed,
Not all at random, but to make sure way
For fruit in season, when the bloom lies dead
On the chill earth, the victim of decay ;
This is to use the grief that God has sent,
To read the lesson, and to learn the love,
To sound the depths of saddest chastisement,
To pluck on earth the fruit of realms above.
Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief
Should into vain self-pitying weakness turn ;
Weep not too long, but seek divine relief ;
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness burn.
Husband your tears ; if lavished, they become
Like waters that inundate and destroy.
For active, self-denying days leave room,
So shall you sow in tears, and reap in joy.
It is not tears but teaching we should seek ;
The tears we need are genial as the shower ;
They mould the being while they stain the cheek,
Freshening the spirit into life and power.
Move on, and murmur not ; a warrior thou ;
Is this a day for idle tears and sighs ?
Buckle thine armor, grasp thy sword and bow,
Fight the good fight of faith, and win the prize.

BIRDS.

PRISONED birds, through bars quick glancing,
Long to soar and sing,
Chirping softly to each other,
Plumage fluttering.

But in vain ; their wings are growing,
And their power of song ;
Some time they shall burst their prison—
May it be ere long !

Yonder in the “singing country”
Songs are sung at will ;
Wait ! your notes will be the sweeter ;
Little birds, be still !

Siloa’s brook in lonely silence
Flows a darksome way,
Yet at last it gushes upward
To the light of day.

Peter, sleeping, bound with fetters,
Dreamed not of his flight,
Till upon his heavy eyelids
Shone a sweet strange light.

Chains fell off, rough doors slid open,
Free as light was he,
For an angel voice had spoken :
“ Rise and follow me !”

Sleep serene, profound and restful,
Soon shall fall on me ;
Dearer lips than angels’ utter :
“ Rise and follow Me !”

Prisoned birds shall then, exultant,
Plume their joyful wing ;
In their first, full, perfect freedom,
My caged birds shall sing.



“HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest ;
But oh, how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best !

We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways :
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days !

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No weary toils and pains,
No watchings, and no bitterness,
That bring their blessed gains ?

That bring their blessed gains full well,
In truer faith and love,
And patience sweet, and gentleness,
From our dear home above ?

Teach thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read thy way—
That thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.

Then every thorny crown of care
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow ;

And every word of grief shall change,
And wave, a blessed flower,
And lift its face beneath our feet
To bless us every hour.

And sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee !

*FOLDED HANDS.**ONLY WAITING.*

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the last day's beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly ! reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels .
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices, far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey ;

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last gleam is flown.
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

My window opened where the noon
Was dim with clouds of gray,
While chill and storm conspired to make
A wintry April day.
My heart was sad till from without
I heard a joyous strain ;
A sparrow on a leafless bough
Sat singing in the rain.
"O bird of summer voice," I cried,
"What moves thy heart to sing?"
"I feel so sure," the song replied,
"The coming of the spring ;
For though to-day the skies may lower,
The promise is not vain ;
So, safe, I in my Maker's care
Sit singing in the rain !"

“Sweet bird, with faith and hope and praise,
Ere winter storms depart,
Oh teach the secret of thy trust
To one poor human heart.”
“My Maker’s love is more than spring ;
It will not fail or wane.
So, safe, I with unsheltered wing
Sit singing in the rain !”

The sparrow shamed my faithless heart ;
My lips no more are dumb ;
I see when clouds and sorrows part,
The spring eternal come ;
I feel the thrill of life and joy,
Despite the chill and pain,
And, sheltered in my Maker’s love,
Sit singing in the rain.

*AS THOU WILT!*

EVEN so, O Father !
Though my heart is bleeding,
On the anvil keep me
While its lessons needing,
Till I ’m fitted thus to fill
The place assigned me by thy will.

Even so, O Father !
As silver when 't is tried,
From every earthly stain
May I be purified ;
So that, reflected, all may see
Thine image, Lord, enstamped on me.

Even so, O Father !
Though sinks my heart with fear,
The trial I'll endure
If thou, dear Christ, art near.
For, "As thy day thy strength shall be,"
Is promised even unto me.

S. JENNIE LEACH.

A CHANT.

"Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini."
WHO is the angel that cometh ?
Life !
Let us not question what he brings,
Peace or strife ;
Under the shade of his mighty wings,
One by one
Are his secrets told ;
One by one,
Lit by the rays of each morning sun,
Shall a new flower its petals unfold,

With the mystery hid in its heart of gold.
We will arise and go forth and meet him,
Singing gladly, with one accord,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord !"

Who is the angel that cometh ?
 Joy !
Look at his glittering rainbow wings ;
 No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings.
 Tender and sweet
 He is come to-day,
 Tender and sweet,
While chains of love on his silver feet
Will hold him in lingering, fond delay ;
But greet him quickly, he will not stay ;
Soon he will leave us ; but though for others
All his brightest treasures are stored,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord !"

Who is the angel that cometh ?
 Pain !
Let us arise and go forth to greet him
 Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him.

He will stay
And darken our sun;
He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won,
Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord."

Who is the angel that cometh?

Death!

But do not shudder, and do not fear,
 Hold your breath,
For a kingly presence is drawing near.
 Cold and bright
 Is his flashing steel;
 Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry light
To calm the terror and grief we feel.
He comes to help and to save and heal:
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing, while we wait this angel's sword,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord!"

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
This earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty, and light :
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound :
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store :
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

DE PROFUNDIS.

* * * * *

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge his saints that none
Among his creatures anywhere
Blasphe^me against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown,
No mortal grief deserves that crown.

O sup^{re}me love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*,
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.

Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won!
We will not struggle nor impugn.

Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven's new wine might seem more clear;
I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on,
I love thee while my days go on!

Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank thee while my days go on!

And having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering, (which are one,)
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling So I! **THY DAYS GO ON!**

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHEN over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us firm and slow,
Oh love of God most wise!

Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath!

*USE ME.*

MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel cast aside—
One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of his own,
For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, the little hill—
My God! oh use me, too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers, vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little, hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake,

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the lea.

All things do serve thee here,
All creatures, great and small :
Make use of me, my God,
The weakest of them all !

BONAR.



PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

OH thou, the living God, we come to thee !
Our earthly bowers have crumbled to decay ;
The burning desert stretches to the sea,
Without a shade across our weary way.

The pleasant pictures of life's morn are fled,
Childhood's fond visions, bright with April bloom,
And hushed for aye amid the peaceful dead
Are tones that echo from an early tomb.

Our spirits shrink before the length'ning road
Leading from sunrise to the western gate ;
Strength, O our Father ! strength to bear the load
Thy wisdom lays upon our earthly state.

Yet not alone when earthly joys are dim,
And earthly bowers crumble to decay,
Would we, our Father, raise to thee our hymn,
And ask thy blessing on our exile-way.

That exile-way, with warm and radiant beam,
Lit by thy smile of heavenly love, may glow ;
Let not our eyes be blinded by the gleam
That lends to life its transitory show.

And when to thy blest house of peace and rest
Our trembling souls shall wing their joyful flight,
Oh, fold us closely to thy sheltering breast,
For ever safe in thy unclouded light !

MARIANA B.

ONE STEP MORE.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see,
I ask but light for one step more,
'T is quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next,
But though 't is very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my future path,
For mercy veils it so ;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard and steep ;
And knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey, or its length,
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before,
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."

*INWARD PEACE.*

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which the Spirit doth reveal !

Who shall make trouble, then ? Not evil minds,
Which, like a shadow, o'er creation lower ;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned, finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death ;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

*THE CROSS.*

I'LL take my cross and follow Thee ;
But oh, my blessed Lord,
The cross shall not a burden be,
While thou dost strength afford :
I'll bear it with a holy joy,
In thy dear footprints tread,
While glory from the opening sky
Falls softly round my head.

I take it from thy bleeding hand ;
I hold it, and am held ;
And follow at thy sweet command,
By this dear symbol sealed,
Thy scholar and thy child to be,
Thy servant and thy friend.
Oh gracious gift and mystery,
Which both in one can blend !

Yes, let me welcome tears and loss,
And smile at pain and grief,
And though I faint beneath the cross,
Wait meekly for relief.
The oil of gladness on thy brow
Was poured, O Holy One !
Anoint me, Jesus, even now,
Like thee my course to run.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.

DARK DAYS.

WHEN the day is brightest,
Then the heart is lightest,
For we fancy sorrow with the darkness flees away ;
But a cloudy morning
Brings us gloomy warning
That before us lies a sad and troublous day.

Faithless human spirit,
How thou dost inherit
All the weakness and the sin of fickle earthly clay!
Faith will teach us rather,
Clouds can never gather
If we dwell in God, for then we dwell in light always.

Our dear Lord has told us
Grace and love enfold us,
Though the sky above look lowering and dark;
On his word reclining,
We discern clear shining,
Looking upward, soaring, and singing like the lark.

In our fiercest anguish
Hope must never languish;
'Tis a ray of heaven escaped from out the open door:
Every cloud 't will brighten,
Saddest hearts 't will lighten,
And will gild our pathway up where shadows fall
no more.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

HOPE'S SONG.

I HEAR it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"

Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
“It is better farther on!”

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
“It is better farther on!”

Farther on? Oh, how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one.
No, no counting, only trusting
“It is better farther on!”

“DIARIES AND LETTERS.”

*ABIDE WITH ME.*

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour :
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no pain, with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. LYTE.



THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand ;
Let not the music that is in us die.
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us die.

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as thou wilt ;
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred :
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

BONAR.



FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

“FOR EVER with the Lord !”
Amen ! so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word ;
’T is immortality !

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith’s foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

“For ever with the Lord !”
Father, if ’t is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
E’en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail ;
Uphold thou me and I shall stand ;
Help, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“For ever with the Lord!”

MONTGOMERY.



NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

No night shall be in heaven ; no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven ; no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, of the tempter's power ;
Across those skies no envious clouds shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven ; no sorrow's reign ;
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain ;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there,
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon ;
No fast declining sun, no waning moon ;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

*ROD AND STAFF.*

SPARE not thy rod, O blessed Lord !
I need it every day,
To keep my erring footsteps in
The straight and narrow way.

Spare not thy rod, for thou dost smite
In mercy, not in wrath,
To urge my feet, so prone to halt
And loiter in the path.

But give thy staff, to comfort me
As blow succeeds to blow,
And I shall mark where Christ has trod,
As step by step I go.

But give thy staff, and I shall walk
Unheeding all the pain :
For every blow the rod inflicts
The staff will heal again.

If rod and staff united be,
Until my journey's done,
I'll fearless pass the vale of death,
And sing the victories won.

LOVE, REST, AND HOME.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon ;
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come,

Beyond the rising and the setting

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

BONAR.

ALL'S WELL!

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake

Our thirsty souls with rain ;

The blow most dreaded falls to break

From off our limbs a chain :

And wrongs of man to man but make

The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even

The eye looks farthest into heaven.

On gleams of star and depths of blue.

The glaring sunshine never knew.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE HEAVENLY SCULPTOR.

SHRINK not from suffering. Each dear blow,

From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,

Is but a messenger to show

The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock ;

Loud the relentless hammer rings,

And from the rude unshapen block

At length imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone ;
And waitest, till the arm of strife
Shall make its crucifixions known,
And smite and carve thee into life.

The heavenly Sculptor works on *thee* ;
Be patient. Soon his arm of might,
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
And change thee to a form of light.



COMFORT IN SUFFERING.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own ;

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend ;

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee ? TOPLADY.

AFTERWARD.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long ;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home, and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot ;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint, groping in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Hailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter, thou !"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes :

No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

Oh thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned !"
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
" The dear Lord ordereth all things well !"

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From thine own hand ;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command,
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That thou art watching closely
My truest need ;
That thou, my good Physician,
Art working still ;
That all thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil,

I take this pain, Lord Jesus !
But what beside ?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As thine own gift,
And true, though tremulous, praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near!

'T is thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION ALSO.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy.
Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare !
But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.
This leaf ! this stone ! It is thy heart ;
It must be crushed by pain and smart ;
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet !

S. WILBERFORCE.

THE SUFFERER CHEERED.

“ SAY ! shall I take the thorn away ? ”

So spake my gracious Lord—

“ O'er which thy sighs are heaved by day,

Thy nightly tears are poured ?

Say ! shall I give thee rest and ease,

Make earth's fair prospects rise,

And bid thy bark o'er summer seas

Float smoothly to the skies ?

“ Shall peace and plenty's cup swell high,

Health leap through every vein,

And all exempt thy moments fly

From bitter inward pain ?

Be naught to check the inspiring flow
Of human friendship's tide;
And every want thy heart can know,
Be quickly satisfied?

"Know, thine ease-loving heart might miss
The *comfort* with the *care*!
And that full tide of earthly bliss
Leave little room for prayer!
Few were thy visits to the throne,
Unhastened there by pain;
Thou o'er thy bosom-sins, alone,
Wouldst small advantage gain!"

HOW MUCH I OWE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet ;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
THERE is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

THERE is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
THERE is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne ;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down !



"ABIDE WITH ME."

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take ;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above. KEBLE.

THE ATONING SACRIFICE.

O SACRED head, now wounded !
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown—
O sacred head ! what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
What thou, my Lord ! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain :
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
'T is I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh! make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord! and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely, through thy love.

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